VOL. IV. No 8. } GREENSBORO, N. C., for the Week Ending February 26, 1859. { Whole No. 161.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Excelsior,

(Illustrative of The Times' Picture.)
A Friendly Token to its Editors.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

I see him in his onward tread;
His banner waves in mountain air;
The wind is toying with his hair,
And cools the fever in his head.

Onward—the motto thrills his soul;
Onward! each step will bring him near.
And in his heart he seems to hear
The welcome from yon waiting goal.

Oh see him stem the rugged road
And see him battle in his might
All things that turn him from the right
Or keep him from yon blest abode.

So ye, who in Life's battle fight
Like him be firm to dare and do;
In courage your own course pursue
And conquer in behalf of Right.

For him no sluggish ease or sleep;
Be thou, then, watchful and awake;
And his progressive motto take
And climb like him, the rugged steep.

There is no crown we cannot clasp,
There is no height we may not win,
No goal we may not enter in
With that bold banner in our grasp.

Harlem, N. Y., Feb., 1859.

Our Historical Gallery.

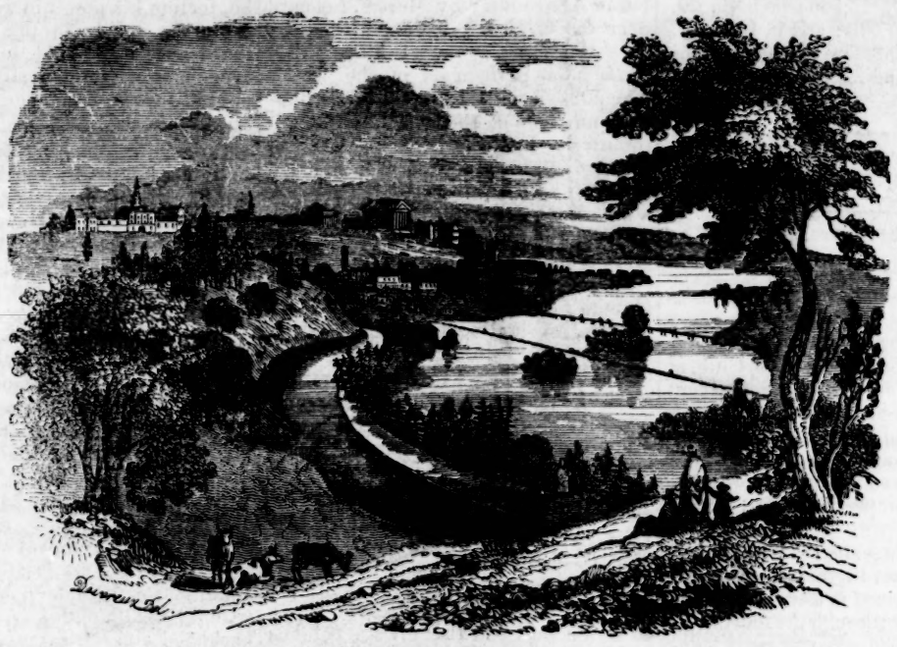
WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

GENERAL GREENE.

SECOND PAPER.—Continued.

(A Correction:—Between the typographer and the paging of the manuscript for last week, a slight mistake occurred, which has rather pied the scenes of our narrative. One sheet was misplaced last week and not discovered until it turned up in the wrong place this week. The historian was beginning the description of the battle of Monmouth, and the reader will leave off at the conclusion of the first paragraph in the 4th column of last week, ending with the word—"until the main body could come to his assistance," and take up the narrative as published below correct.—Eds. Times.)

To Lee's conduct on this occasion, the loss of the battle must be ascribed; for a strict obedience to Washington's orders would have ensured a complete victory; and, by thus abusing the confidence of Washington and forfeiting the honor conferred upon him by this appointment, after the part he had taken in the unprincipled cabal of Conway at Valley Forge, he brought upon himself the charge of ingratitude and meanness. The command of the American right was given to Greene, with orders to take a certain position and gain the British rear; but before reaching the scene of conflict, he met Lee's division retreating in much confusion, the retreat having been ordered by Lee, without any serious encounter with the enemy; and, finding a strict compliance with orders now impracticable, he resolved to select a different position on his own responsibility, which he did, and with so much judgment that he rendered most important service and gained for himself universal applause. His artillery, under Knox, played upon their left with tremendous effect; and the infantry, maintaining their ground with unyielding firmness, gave volley after volley, with sure aim and in such rapidity that they were eventually driven back with heavy loss. With their shattered battalions they made several resolute attempts to renew the conflict; but, by the prompt and skilful manœuvres of the chief, who had now come up, and, with his soul-inspiring voice and presence, was directing everything, they were obliged to retire from the conflict. As the shades of evening were then coming on, they retreated three miles to their former position, and, after an hour or two for rest and refreshment, took up their silent and stealthy march for N. York. Thus ended this bloody conflict, August 28th, 1778; and the army prepared for the repose of the night; but there was no rest for Greene until all were made comfortable. As Commissary general, it devolved on him to see that the wounded were all taken care of and that every man in the army was supplied with the necessary refreshment. There Washington and his suite, with most of the officers and men, wrapped in their great coats, slept soundly for hours, in that sultry summer's night, under the open canopy of heaven and with their heads pillowed on a stone or the root of a tree, while the dead lay strewed around them and all unconscious of what was doing. Washington designed to renew the conflict early in the morning, and had sent forward a small corps to hang upon their rear and watch their movements; but, after the fatigues of the day, they slept too soundly to notice anything, and, by their silent march in the night, the enemy had got so far ahead, that it was impossible to overtake them, and they made their escape. Clinton, with his army, having reached New York in safety, Washington now moved in that direction for the safety of the Jerseys and of the passes in the Highlands.



RICHMOND, *Va.*

Greene had now been Quartermaster general for nearly two years, during which time he had acquitted himself with honor; but finding the duties laborious and the office a thankless one, he had become tired of the burden. Preferring the field of Mars, where he always felt at home in the storm of battle; and Congress having passed a resolution, conflicting with his most important arrangements, which gave him a fair pretext, he resigned the office and returned to his command in the army.

A French fleet having arrived on the coast, a combined attack of the Americans and their allies on the British forces in Rhode Island was now determined on, and the necessary arrangements were promptly made. Lafayette was despatched with one division to Providence, and Greene was ordered to follow with another. The whole was under the command of Sullivan, as the senior officer; and preparations were quickly made for an assault upon Newport. Greene took post with his division upon the hills of Tiverton; and, on the 8th of August, the French fleet forced its way into the Narragansett bay, under a heavy fire from the English batteries. It was determined to make the attack on the morning of the 10th; and the British commander, being aware of this design, called in his outposts and concentrated his forces within the lines. Everything promised success; but a British fleet, appearing at the mouth of the harbor, alarmed D'Estaing, and, giving up a certain for an uncertain advantage, he retired with his fleet. Thus deserted by their allies, the Americans had not force sufficient for an assault; but they determined on a siege. This design was frustrated by a tremendous storm of wind and rain, which lasted three days and nights, desolating the country and destroying army equipments, ammunitions and even many lives. When the count returned, as he too had suffered from the hurricane—his ships being shattered and his resources impaired, his officers dissatisfied and his troops despondent—he refused to make any further effort. The American officers, in vain, remonstrated against his purpose to leave, and the enterprise was abandoned. During the night, the forces were well drawn from the siege, Greene covering the retreat; and no sooner had they left than the enemy were in motion. They entered their redoubts at 3 o'clock in the morning, and by seven, the British were assailing them. Greene wished to meet them bodly, but was overruled. They acted on the defensive, and many sharp skirmishes took place. The enemy's cannons from the adjacent hills were bearing on their redoubts, and an attempt being made to turn their right, the whole pressure of the British was on his division, until it was duly supported; but he was there with his usual firmness and intrepidity. He was fighting almost in sight of his homestead and animated by all the strongest associations of life. After a severe struggle the enemy were repulsed with great slaughter, and were now pretty well satisfied; the cannonading was renewed next morning, but without effect; and they were suffered to cross over to the main that night without further loss or molestation. On his return, Greene was posted at Springfield, N. J., with the Jersey militia and two brigades of continentals; and as Clinton was menacing West Point, Washington moved in that direction with the main army. While such was the relative position of the contending forces, Greene learned that a strong detachment of the British had landed at Elizabethtown, and was advancing against him with three to one. Expresses were sent off to Washington, and every preparation possible was made for defence, by a judicious disposition of his forces, and by extending his lines so as to cover the only two bridges by which the enemy could approach.

At the dawn of day, June 23, 1780, the whole British army consisting of five thousand infantry, with a large body of cavalry and between fifteen and twenty pieces of artillery, marched, under Sir Henry himself and Knyphausen, towards Springfield, and in two columns, their left on the main road and their right on the Vauxhall road. Lee, supported by Ogden, was posted at Little's Bridge on this road. The bridge, in front of the town, was confided to Col. Angell, who was strengthened by some small detachments and furnished with one field piece. The retreat was covered by Col. Shreve, with his regiment, posted at a short distance behind them. The remainder of this little army, consisting of two brigades, occupied some higher ground still farther back, and the flanks were protected by the militia.

The action began with a severe cannonade, which lasted nearly two hours; and during this time, the enemy were manœuvering as if with a design of turning the American flanks, but their right was, in the meantime, advancing upon Lee, who disputed their passage with such energy and firmness, that if they had not, by crossing at a ford above, got possession of a hill, from which they could bring their artillery to bear upon his position, it would have been out of their power to dislodge him. Meanwhile, Angell was hotly engaged with another body of assailants; but, with his small force and a single field piece, he made such havock in the ranks of the foe, that he sternly maintained the conflict with four times his number for half an hour; and thus, yielding only to superior numbers, he retired to the bridge in the rear, carrying off his wounded and his artillery. The enemy now advanced upon Shreve who, in his turn, gave such a warm reception that they recoiled and were willing to quit the game. Greene contracted his front, collected his scattering parties, and slowly and safely retreated to a strong position among the hills in rear of the village, where he calmly awaited a general battle; but the enemy had been so roughly handled already, that they found it expedient to decline.

After standing a few minutes and eyeing the blacksmith of Rhode Island, in rage and mortification, like a bully, that had been beaten and still unwilling to give up, but afraid to try it again, they sullenly made a retrograde movement; and, as they retreated, meanly wreaked their vengeance on the helpless and unoffending, by setting fire to the village. Only three houses out of fifty escped. every injury in their power was inflicted. Starke's brigade was put in motion to pursue them. A reinforcement from Washington, too, was at hand, and he himself was coming after with all practicable haste; but so rapid was their retreat that they could not be overtaken before they entered Elizabethtown which they had shortly before laid in ruins, and treated the inhabitants with the cruelty of savages. They escaped to New York, and Greene returned to Washington's camp in Highland.

The battle at Springfield was the first on which the sole command devolved on Greene and his consummate generalship, on that occasion, gained universal applause from his countrymen, made even his enemies confess that he was no ordinary man.

On his arrival at headquarters, Washington, whose confidence in him was now greatly increased, put him in his place while he went to hold a conference with Rochambeau and De Ternay, commander of the French fleet there in Newport. By his constant vigilance and his close attention even to the minutest things, every word he could catch from the British or Tories and every movement of his enemies, however slight, he soon became convinced that Sir Henry was maturing some concealed design of importance, and wrote to Washington accordingly. He was right, and his conjecture was soon verified by the treason of Arnold, and the apprehension of Major Andre as a spy. Andre was a young man and a high-minded officer in the British army—so frank, intelligent and manly in his bearing, so courteous, dignified and winning in his manners, that he secured the attachment of all who made his acquaintance. He entered the American camp as a spy, to aid in the treason of Arnold, if he had not been its prime mover; and he did it, knowing that, if taken, he must die a shameful death. He was arrested, taken to headquarters and tried by a court-martial, in which Greene sat as President, and pronounced his doom. Clinton and his officers with Robertson at its head, made every possible effort to save him, first by appointing a commission, under a flag of truce, to confer with similar commission from the Commander-in-chief.

The appointment was made, as courtesy required, and the business was confided to Greene. Robertson employed every argument and used all the arts of flattery, but Greene refuted his arguments and evaded his artifices. The most pathetic appeals were next made from England and some from America, to the clemency of Washington; but without avail; when Greene signed his death-warrant, he dropped his face on his arms folded across the table, and let his heart pay tribute to his conscience. The humanity of Washington was severely tried by the tide of soft and persuasive influence that was bearing upon him; but Greene stood firm even amidst his tears, and the culprit was doomed. He was an accomplice in treason, and it was right he should suffer a traitor's death. Andre could stand to be shot as a solder, but his military pride shuddered at the gallows. He petitioned for such a modification of his sentence; but justice was inexorable, and he was executed as a spy, Oct. 2d, 1780, in presence of the army. The rough soldiers, who had walked over many a battle-field strewed with the dead and listened to the groans of the dying without any strong emotion, were now unmanned and gave way to a flood of tears. The tidings were borne, as on the wings of the wind, laden with grief to the British fleet, and, wafted across the ocean, carried not only sadness to the heart of a widowed mother and an affectionate sister but to many other homes of peace and quiet.

The tragical death of Andre, with the escape of the worse and more guilty Arnold, seemed like oil upon the troubled waters, and there was a temporary lull in the storm of human passions; but it was of short duration. It was soon found that the British Commander was making arrangements for a powerful demonstration on the South where the population was sparse and the resources small. Such a change in the enemy's designs and movements required a corresponding change in the plans and operations of the American forces; and we must now follow Greene to the Southern theatre of action, where, if his trials and difficulties were greatly increased, he had a wider scope for the exertion of his powers, and where he will appear to much better advantage.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Richmond, Virginia.

The city of Richmond, capital of Virginia, and seat of justice of Henrico county, is situated on the left or N. E. bank of James River, at the lower falls, and at the head of tide water, about 100 miles in a straight line S. by W. of Washington. The distance by railroad, is 130 miles from Washington; 168 from Baltimore, and 22 North of Petersburg. It is the largest town in Virginia, and one of the most beautiful in the Union. Our artist has given us a beautiful sketch and view of the city, which will be readily recognized by all who are acquainted with the place. For the following information, descriptive of the place and its trade, we are indebted to the large Gazetteer, by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott, & Co., of Philadelphia. The readers of The Times will discover that Richmond is not only a present flourishing city, with facilities for a large trade; but that it is very rapidly increasing in population and commercial importance, and should meet with the fostering care of the Southern States.

The situation of the city and the scen-

ery of the environs are much admired, combining, in a high degree, the elements of grandeur, beauty, and variety. The river winding among verdant hills which rise with graceful swells and undulations, is interrupted by numerous islands and granite rocks, among which it tumbles and foams for a distance of several miles.

The city is built on several hills, the most considerable of which are Shockoe and Richmond Hills, separated from each other by Shockoe Creek. It is laid out with general regularity in rectangular blocks. About 12 parallel streets, nearly three miles in length, extend N. W. and S. E., and were originally distinguished by the letters of the alphabet. A street being next the river; other names, however, are now generally used. The principal thoroughfare of business and fashion is main or E street. Those which intersect it are named from the ordinal numbers, First, Second, Third, &c. The Capitol and other public buildings are situated on Shockoe Hill; the top of which is an elevated plain in the W. part of the city.

This is the fashionable quarter, and is considered the most desirable for private residences. The Capitol from its size and elevated position, is the most conspicuous object in Richmond. It stands in the center of a public square, of about 8 acres, is adorned with a portico of Ionic columns and contains a marble statue of Washington, by Houdon, taken from life, and considered a perfect likeness; it also contains a magnificent monument capped with a bronze equestrian statue of Washington, Crawford's last and greatest work. The City Hall is a splendid and costly building in the Doric style, at an angle of Capitol Square. The Penitentiary, which stands near the river, in the West suburbs of the city, has a front of 300 feet in length and 110 feet deep. The number of prisoners in September, 1853, was 270. The city contains also a court house, a jail, an armory 320 feet long by 180 wide, 2 market houses, a theatre, an orphan asylum, and a masonic hall. A new custom-house is being erected at a cost of about $400,000.

There are three banks, with an aggregate capital of $2,114,000, and several insurance offices. The public press consists of 16 or 17 papers and periodicals, 6 or 7 of which are issued daily. There are about 30 churches, belonging to the Baptists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Friends, Lutherans, Campbellites, Universalists, and Catholics; also two Hebrew synagogues. The Monumental Church (Episcopal,) occupies the site of the theatre which was burned in 1811, on which occasion the Governer of Virginia and more than 60 others perished. Among the institutions of this city may be mentioned the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society, Richmond College, founded by the Baptists in 1832; St. Vincent's College, under the direction of the Catholics, and the Medical Department of Hampden and Sydney College, established here in 1838; the edifice of the latter is a fine specimen of the Egyptian style of architecture. The water of the river is raised by forcing pumps into three reservoirs, containing 1,000,000 gallons each, and thence distributed over the city. Three bridges across the river connect the city with Manchester and Spring Hill.

For some years past Richmond has rapidly increased in population and business.

The James River and Kanawha Canal, of which this is the E. terminus, is completed to Buchanan, about two hundred miles, and is progressing to Covington, on Jackson's River. It was commenced in 1834, and had cost, in 1852, $10,714,306. The Richmond and Petersburg Railroad connects here with the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad, forming part of the great Southern mail route. The Central Railroad, after leaving Richmond, makes an extensive detour to the N., and thence turning Westward, penetrates the central portion of the State. It is completed to Staunton, about 125 miles, and is to be extended to the Ohio River, at Guyandotte; and the Richmond and Danville Railroad, extends S. W., connecting with the Railroad systems of Tennessee and Georgia. The river is navigable to this port for vessels drawing ten feet of water, and those drawing fifteen feet come within three miles of the town. Semi-weekly lines of Ocean Steamers communicate with New York and Philadelphia, and Steamboats ply daily to Baltimore and Norfolk.

The chief articles of export are tobacco, wheat and flour. The quantity of tobacco, inspected here in 1831 was 15,758 hogsheads, and in 1832 it amounted to 24,119 hogsheads. The exports of that year were 15,771 hogsheads, viz: to Great Britain, 5416 hogsheads; France, 3558; Italy, 1911; Bremen, 1432; Holland, 1025; Belgium, 431. The shipping of the district, June 30, 1854, amounted to an aggregate of 5172 tons registered, and 6769 tons enrolled and licensed. Of the latter all were employed in the coast trade, and 1421 tons in steam navigation. The foreign arrivals for the year were 24, (tons 4759,) of which 11 (tons 2612) were by American vessels. The clearances for foreign ports were 74, (tons 24,464,) of which 51 (tons 17,079) were by American vessels. During the year 4 vessels, with an aggregate burden of 833 tons, were admeasured.

Richmond possesses an immense water-power derived from the falls of James River, which from the commencement of the rapids, a few miles above the city, descends about 100 feet to the tide-level. Few places in the State, or in the whole country, possess greater natural advantages for productive industry, which has recently attracted much attention. The principal articles produced here are flour, tobacco, cotton and woollen goods, paper machinery and iron ware. The brand of the City Flour Mills has acquired, perhaps, more celebrity than any other in the country. The Gallego and Haxall Mills are 5 or 6 stories high, 94 feet long, and about 80 wide. Richmond contains about 40 tobacco factories, some of which are very extensive, and several rolling mills and cotton-factories. This city was founded by an act of Assembly in May, 1742, and became the capitol of the State in 1779—80, at which period it was an insignificant place, having scarcely anything to interest except the grandeur of its scenery. In 1787, it contained about 300 houses. Population in 1800, 5737; in 1810, 9785; in 1820, 12,067; in 1830, 16,060; in 1840, 20,153; in 1850, 27,570: and in 1854, 32,380, of whom 19,282 were white persons, 10,889 slaves, and 2223 free persons of color.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Auld Lang Syne—Russell's Magazine—Francatelli—The Westminster Review—Blackwood's Magazine—Dickens' Christmas Story—Rose Warrington—Novel Publishing Feat.

The celebration of the Burns' Club, at Albany, on the occasion of the recent centennial birth-day of the great Scotch poet, was marked by an interesting feature. The original manuscript of "Auld Lang Syne" was exhibited and read. It is now the property of Mr. J. V. Prayn, of that town.

"Russell's Magazine," without exception, the ablest literary monthly issued south of Mason & Dixon's line, is now very nearly through the fourth volume of its existence. We measure Magazines by volumes and numbers, not by years. To say that twenty-three numbers of a critical and literary periodical of the very highest order of merit, have been regularly issued and handsomely sustained in a neighborhood that has been maligned for a supposed inability to appreciate sound literary merit, and that those twenty-three numbers have unquestionably established the fact that a permanent and successful enterprise is growing up with every additional number, is, to say the least of it, a very creditable thing, and the best answer that could be given to traducers of Southern intelligence. The February number contains a good variety and number of articles—in history, biography, art, criticism, romance, poetry and politics, and is well worthy the attention of North Carolinians who sympathize in the effort to establish a purely southern first class periodical, though its success, as we have said, is already established beyond contingency. Russell & Jones, Charleston, S. C., are the publishers. We may here remark, en passant, that the beautiful Lines on a Day in December, in the February number, are from the pen of the principal editor, Paul H. Hayne.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, the publishers, Philadelphia, are selling large numbers of their new, and massive Cook Book! written by the great Francatelli. To give our readers an idea of the importance and magnitude of this very complete publication—the last of the kind from the active press of its enterprising publishers—we enumerate some of its most important features. The work is entitled "*The Modern Cook:*" A practical Guide to the Culinary Art in all its Branches; comprising, in addition to English Cookery, the most approved and recherche systems of French, Italian and German Cookery, adapted as well for the largest establishments as for the use of private families: By Chas. Elme Francatelli, Pupil to the celebrated Careme, and late Maitre d' Hotel and Chief Cook to her Majesty, the Queen of England; reprinted from the Ninth London edition, carefully revised and considerably enlarged; with sixty-two illustrations. Monsieur also lets us know how he has served several of the most distinguished *Lons vivents* among the British nobility and gentry, whose names he prints under that classification as the highest honor he, as a chief cook, can do them; and how royalty dined on certain days, all under his own direction. Now we like this; for, if a man is not proud of his position or profession, he is unworthy of it; and whatever one does, whether it be to govern the kitchen or the State, the culinary or the political stew, should be done as if it were a pride and an honor. Francatelli indeed appreciates the cuisine as one of the fine arts, and a "mighty fine art entirely" is a good dinner well cooked. Every person who pretends to serve entertainments to the public, as well as every lady troubled with wretched servants, and every young housekeeper, should have Francatelli as an upper kitchen classic. It will save its price in a very short time, showing as it does the value and use of every bit of the carcass of beast, bird and fish. System, patience and care are the three assurances of a perfect success in the mysteries of the science, and all these may be acquired thoroughly by a study of the Modern Cook, Francatelli. This invaluable work is published in a *large royal octavo volume*, of six hundred pages, printed on the finest calendered paper, strongly bound, and got up altogether with an elegance and finish fully rivaling those beautiful volumes, Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations. It is one of the handsomest publications ever issued from the American press. The publishers will send it to any address, free of postage, on receipt of three dollars. It is worth ten times the amount.

We do no discredit to the periodical literature of America when we emphatically characterize the Westminster, the Edinburgh, the Quarterly, Blackwood's and the North British (as reprinted in this country by Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co., New York, and Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia,) as *the* great periodicals of the world. The publishers have just issued the January numbers of the "Westminster" (quarterly) and "Blackwood's" (monthly) beginning volumes, and forming a favorable time to subscribe. There are a half-dozen papers of great excellence in each, Blackwood including the conclusion of Bulwer's most excellent novel, papers on Burmah and the Burmese, How to Boil Peas, A Cruise in Japanese Waters, An Angling Saunter in Switzerland, Popular Literature and the Periodical Press, and an interesting article on the Royal Proclamation to India, giving us the Tory view of the present condition and prospects of that important country. The articles in the "Westminster" of most interest to American readers are a fine Review of Carlyle's Frederick the Second, papers on Spiritual Destitution in England, The Religious Policy of Austria, Chloroform and Other Anæsthetics, Recent Cases of Witchcraft, and that always copious and interesting summary of Contemporaneous Literature, at the close of the book. These Reviews are published at three dollars each, two for five dollars, or the whole five including Blackwood, for ten dollars per annum.

Dickens' last new Christmas story, "A House to Let," published in a twenty-five cent pamphlet by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, is universally praised by Boz's admirers, and generally credited to the great author himself. It bears the genuine penmarks. For the last three years Dickens has written no Holiday story. Those published with his name, including the Seven Poor Travelers, he had no hand in "at all at all." Some other time we'll say whose they are. But the 'House to Let' may be read with safety as Dickens' own.

The same publishers issue, in the same cheap form, easily adapted to be sent by mail, a new novel by Augustine Duganne, entitled "Rose Warrington." It is a good, readable story.

Messrs. Peterson & Brothers have performed the unparalleled feat of printing, publishing and binding a large edition of a novel in forty-six hours from the time of receipt of the advance sheets.

Stories from the Bible.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF KING DAVID.

BY PAUL RIVINWOOD.

ABSALOM'S REBELLION.

We are informed by Holy Writ that Absalom, the son of king David, borne to him by Maacah, the daughter of the king of Geshur, was one of those specimens of manly beauty which pleased the eye to look upon. We may suppose that he was of a tall, erect figure, every limb rounded and classically proportioned, his face beaming with the hue of health, deep black eyes shaded with rich eye brows and lashes, falling softly over the fresh peach-like skin, with glossy silken hair, luxurious and heavy, reaching far down his back. "In all Israel was none to be so much praised as he, for his beauty: from the sole of his foot even to the crown of his head, there was no blemish in him."

Absalom's character cannot be said to have been one entirely of evil: with the many dark *shades* which must ever hang around the remembrance of that name, there are a few *lights*, which, though deeply clouded by his after-career, yet, in reviewing his life we are bound by *duty* to give him the benefit they may deserve. Some—aye, very many—may look upon his life as one altogether of evil—a life so *dark* with human sin—having broken that commandment, so strictly laid down, coming directly, as it does, from the *great* I AM! "Honor thy *Father* and thy *Mother*"—that, whatever early deeds of noble justice he might have done, they are as nothing in comparison with his later wickedness. Yet he had a loving heart for his beautiful sister Tamar, when in her misfortunes, he spoke words of kindness to her, and bid her make his home *her home*. He must have had a soul soft with sympathy, and undoubtedly at that period of his life, he had all those noble traits which mark the *perfect man*! But time rolled on, and, as he increased in years, so did his wonderful power of fascination, he was agreeable to all, kind and courteous, and many were the praises his manly elegance received—until at last, forgetful of a *father's* love, forgetful of the duty he owed to his God, though the "*still small voice*" ever whispered, "Thou art wrong," he knelt to *Ambition's Shrine*—casting all principle aside—and made *her* his future idol. How changed was he then, how *fearfully* so!—and as thought after thought of evil came steadily on increasing his desire for rank and splendor—he was no more that beautiful boy, the manly brother, but in its stead, he was the embodiment of *evil!* It was some years after Absalom's return to Jerusalem, from which place he fled for disobeying his honored father by killing Amnon for the insult which he did to his sister, Tamar,—that he, feeling his power increasing by flattering the people, in this wise, "Oh, that I were made judge in the land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice!"

On meeting the king once more, he said unto him, "I pray thee to let me go and pay my vow, which I have vowed unto the Lord, in Hebron. For thy servant vowed a vow while I abode at Geshur, in Syria, saying, 'if the Lord shall bring me again indeed to Jerusalem, then I will serve the Lord.'"

And the king, from the fullness of his heart, for it was filled with love for Absalom, said, "Go in peace, my beautiful boy," and he bent on his neck and kissed his forehead; then giving him his blessing, the guilty son left his father forever.

Ah, at that moment, how the voice of conscience must have rapped within upon his flinty soul, saying, "repent! repent! or thou art lost!" But then, Ambition, with all her golden train, rich with the wealth of this world's splendor, beckoned him on, saying, "Fear not, thou shalt be king over thy father's people!" and he yielded, drunk with the future so brilliantly illumined.

Having held a secret counsel with those who were to share his expected glory, he bid them, saying, "As soon as ye hear the sound of the trumpet, then ye shall say, Absalom reigneth in Hebron!"

The next day he departed from the city accompanied by two hundred soldiers. How the holy city of David must have mourned as he passed from her gates a *traitor* to his country and his God! How must the beautiful land he journeyed through, rich with Nature's blessings, have trembled at his tread! yet he heeded not the voice of wisdom, but reeled headlong into *ruin!*

When the king heard of his son's rebellion, fearful that he might attack the city he departed with those that remained faithful to his cause, and went unto the city of Mahanaim, (a city of the Levites of the family of Merari in the tribe of Gad, the name of the city signifies "*two hosts, or two fields*," the patriarch gave it this name because in this place he had a vision of angels coming to meet him:) it was situated on the brook of Jabbok, near the river Jordan. Absalom with many of the men of Israel passed to the other side of Jordan and pitched their tents at Gilead.

David numbered his people, placing captains over thousands and over hundreds, and David commanded Joab, Abishai and Ittai, saying, "Deal gently for my sake with the young man, *even with Absalom.*" And all the army heard what the king had said, and they mourned for him.

"'Twas early day, the birds gave forth sweet music from the tops of the oaks in the forest of Ephraim (near Gilead.) All nature was lovely to look upon, the fields were covered with the wild flower and creeping vines, making the air fragrant with their odor. At the sound of the trumpet, the army of David mustered and went forth to the field against the traitors of Israel. The soldiers of Absalom met the charge firmly, but soon was the battle scattered wide over the country and in the woods of Ephraim; and David's army slew many, but in the woods that day, were lost more than the sword devoured."

Absalom rode upon a mule, and he was greatly excited almost to madness, seeing his men falling about him and hearing the cheers, which rent the air, from the hosts of David as they drove the traitors in all directions, causing them to flee from their darts and spears. He was hurrying to and fro in the thickest of the forest, endeavoring to inspire their fainting spirits with fresh courage, when his mule gave a sudden start, and, raising his body, which was bent as he rode under the oaks, his silken hair was caught in a low branch, and he was immediately lifted from his mule and held securely, so that it was impossible for him to extricate himself. How extremely awful must he now have felt with no help at hand; how, like one mighty heave of the ocean's breast, aye! with the rapidity of lightning, must the *past* and the *dreaded* future have rushed thro' his mind. Forsaken by man, deserted by his *Father* in heaven, alone amidst the noise of battle! Oh! how the memory of that father's kiss must have brought floods of tears to his eyes, and that, "*Go in peace, my beautiful boy!*" must have thrilled his gloomy spirit with emotion. At this hour he would have given worlds if he could have knelt at that father's knee and prayed for forgiveness.

A soldier who saw Absalom hanging by his hair, ran and informed Joab, and Joab said, "Why didst thou not smite him there to the ground? And I would have given thee ten shekels of silver, and a girdle." To which replied the soldier, "though I should receive a thousand shekels of silver in mine hand, yet would I not put forth mine hand against the king's son; for in our hearing the king charged thee and Abishai and Ittai, saying, 'Beware that none *touch* the young man.' Otherwise I should have wrought falsehood against my own life; for there is no matter hid from the king, and thou thyself wouldest have set thyself against me."

To this Joab said, "I may not tarry thus with thee!" then taking three darts in his hand, he went and found Absalom, who when he saw Joab, said, "I pray thee in the name of mercy, release me!"

"Release thee," said Joab, "*never!* Now truly shalt thou die, I swear it by the God of Israel!"

And the face of Absalom became terribly white and he trembled, and cried "Have mercy, Joab, for my father's sake."

"As thou hast not listened to wisdom, but hast done that which is evil and would have ruined thy father, the king, I have no mercy for thee!" After which he pierced him with a dart, a single moan escaped his lips and he yielded up the ghost. Then Joab blew his trumpet and the warriors of David returned from pursuing after Israel, for Joab held back the people.

Ahimaaz, the son of the high priest, Zadok, said, "Let me now run and bear the king tidings how that the Lord hath avenged him of his enemies?"

And Joab replied, "Thou shalt not bear tidings this day, but thou shalt bear tidings another day, but this day thou shalt bear none for the King's son is dead!"

He then turned to Cushi and said, "Go tell the King what thou hast seen!" and Cushi bowed and departed.

Ahimaaz again spoke to Joab, saying, "Let me I pray thee run after Cushi!"

And he said, "Wherefore wilt thou run, seeing thou hast no tidings ready?"

"Oh let me run?" said Ahimaaz; and Joab said, "Run." And Ahimaaz took the way of the plain, thinking by so doing he might reach the king first.

During the battle David had set in an easy chair within the archway of the gate of the city, and a watchman from the roof, kept the king informed of the battle. At last he cried out, "Here cometh a man afar off!" and the king replied, "If he be alone he must bear tidings."

Again cried the watchman, "There also is another man running alone!" and the king remarked, "He also bringeth tidings." And the watchman said, "Methinkest the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaz the son of Zadok!"

Soon came Ahimaaz, running and panting for he was tired, and as he drew within hearing of the king he shouted, "*All is well!*" after which he fell to the earth upon his face before the king, and said, "Blessed be the Lord thy God, which hath delivered up the men that lifted up their hands against my Lord the king!"

And the king said, feelingly, "*Is the young man Absalom safe?*"

And Ahimaaz replied, "when Joab sent the king's servant and me thy servant, I saw a great tumult but knew not what it was."

Then said the king, "Turn aside and stand here," and he did so. At this moment came Cushi, running to the king; he said, "Tidings my Lord the king: for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee."

And the king inquired, in *fear* and trembling, saying, "*Is the young man Absalom safe?*" To which replied Cushi, "The enemies of my Lord, the king, all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as *that young man is!*"

There was a long pause, and David trembled from head to foot, and large tears rolled down his aged cheeks, and they who were with him wept to see him mourn thus. In a few moments he rose and without a word went up to the chamber over the gate and there falling on his knees and casting his eyes to heaven, and throwing up both arms with his venerable face bathed in tears,

"He broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe"—

"O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would to God I had died for thee, O Absalom my son, my son!

"Alas! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who were made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in thy clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet—"my father," from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more with thy sweet voice shall come
To meet me, Absalom!

And now farewell! 'tis hard to give *thee* up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;
And thy dark sin! Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this *wo* its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!"

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14th., 1859.

Congressional—Cuba—Nebraska—Contested Election—Oregon now admitted as a State into the Union—Hon. Alex. H. Stephens about to retire—Complimentary ball to Lord and Lady Napier—Curious Medical phenomenon—The "Fairy Star."

In the Senate last week, they have been engaged a great deal in the discussion of the propriety of the acquisition of Cuba.

In the House the Nebraska contested election case was settled by being laid on the table. Since then the bill for the admission of Oregon into the Union was reported by Mr. Stephens, of Ga., from the Committee on Territories. Inasmuch as the Territory is democratic in politics, the opposition have been striving very hard to defeat the bill, but without success. It passed late Saturday afternoon—yeas 114, nays 103. So Oregon is now another star on our national escutcheon. The concluding appeal of Mr. Stephens in behalf of the bill was one of the most powerful speeches ever delivered in the House of Representatives. It is matter of universal regret alike among his political friends and foes, that Mr. Stephens designs retiring from public life after the close of the present session.

As Lord Napier, the present British Minister at Washington is about to retire, the people of Washin ton, whose especial good opinion he has won by his uniform urbanity and kindness have tendered to him and his accomplished lady a grand complimentary ball; and the compliment has been accepted by his Lordship. It bids fair to be one of the grandest entertainments of the kind that has ever taken place in this country. The magnificent saloons of Willard's Hotel have been secured for the occasion. M. Groux, the gentleman, who exhibits in his person the curious malformation of a total absence of the sternum (breast bone,) the action of the heart being thus plainly exposed is now in Washington.

On Friday last at the Smithsonian Institution he demonstrated the facts of his case before a highly intelligent audience, comprising most of the medical faculty of Washington.

To the great joy of the theatre loving population of Washington, Miss Agnes Robertson, the "Fairy Star," is announced to begin an engagement next week at our theatre. Q.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 21st, 1859.

Congressional—The Agricultural College Bill passed at last—Organization of New Territories—The Army Bill—Rejoicings over Oregon—The Napier Ball.

On Tuesday last the bill donating twenty thousand acres of land to each State of the Union for every one of its Senators and Representatives in Congress, to be applied to the founding of Agricultural Colleges, was returned to the House of Representatives with some unimportant amendments added by the Senate. The amendments were concurred in. So the bill is passed.

Mr. Stephens, of Ga., on Monday, offered bills for the organization of territorial governments in the territories of Arizona and Dacotah; but they were laid on the table. The bill making appropriations for the support of the U. S. Army for the year ending June 30th, 1860, was not taken up, and the week has been spent in devising expedients to reduce the amount of those appropriations.

As soon as it was noised abroad last Saturday evening that a thirty-third State had been admitted into the Union; that Oregon had taken her place among the sisters of the confederacy, it was resolved to celebrate the great event in a fitting manner. A large concourse of citizens and strangers, headed by the full Marine Band, serenaded the President of the United States, General Lane, the Senator elect from that State, and other distinguished advocates of the Oregon bill. A number of speeches were made and great enthusiasm prevailed throughout the city.

The complimentary ball to Lord and Lady Napier came off last Thursday night, and was attended by a large delegation from New York and Philadelphia. The distinguished gentleman, in whose honor the entertainment was given, won the good will of the entire company by his kind demeanor. Q.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. Feb., 21st., 1859.

The Tax Bill—St. Valentine's day—The 22nd—A lamentable catastrophe—An Apology.

Dear Times:—The Legislature adjourned on Thursday morning last after a long and important session; your readers will have an opportunity of judging for themselves whether the "arduous labors" of their representatives have been well or ill requited by the sixty thousand dollars, they have cost. We venture the assertion that comparatively only a small sum has been carried away, the greater part having been consumed by the various hangers on at the Capital and we do not think that many of the members have carried away much amendment of morals or manners.

The debates on the Revenue Bill in both houses elicited all their strength and many able and interesting speeches were made of great importance to the people of the State at large. Our Senator Mr. Bledsoe has distinguished himself and endeared himself to the hearts of his constituents by his consistent advocacy of the "ad valorem" system; this is most indubitably the only correct plan; tax the property and not the individual or his profession. The present tax bill presses unequally on the various classes of society, is unfair to the poor, to the salaried officer, to the merchant and the tailor; depresses industry and discourages enterprise. Many intelligent men will concur in the opinion expressed on the floor of the Senate that it is unjust, unequal and iniquitous; its natural tendency will be to drive Capital out of the State. The provision taxing Brokers from other States, coming here to demand Gold for our Bank notes will be found inoperative in reality and exceedingly pernicious in its tendency. The Broker can certainly demand dollar for dollar, for every note in his possession and by simply declining to tell where he is from, may defy all efforts to collect the tax; the Legislature has no right to require an officer of a chartered institution to do any labor not provided for in the charter; and besides all this, the Brokers will charge the tax on their customers, thus depreciating our currency and the State will never get a dollar from them. Of the various Bank charters we leave all those interested to form their own opinions; it is generally thought that there will be great difficulty in getting the stock taken; the charters are so loaded down with restrictions and exactions, so patched and mutilated, they are like Joseph's coat, and unlike it would hardly be owned or recognized by their fathers. In regard to the "Bank of North Carolina," the general opinion is quite favorable and undoubtedly if the Public finds it is a "working charter," the stock may be taken and it may succeed the present Bank in the affections of the people. Should these reasonable expectations fail of accomplishment, a great deal of capital will be sent out of the State, when the present Bank expires and the large amount held by the State and the University in that stock will be left unproductive for some time.

The great festival of this month, "St. Valentine's day," passed off very quietly here; about the usual amount of absurdity passed thro' the Post Office; for the present has so far degenerated from the due observance of the day, that instead of being an occasion for the sweet indulgence of pretty conceits and messages and returns of love, from sighing swain to his fair "inamorata," the malicious and frivolous indulge their spite and folly, in sending blackguard doggerel to each other and to the innocent objects of their enmity, whom they cannot reach in any other way or on any other occasion.—This custom is now "more honored in the breach, than in the observance" and deserves the reprobation of all honest and honorable individuals. To-morrow is our national festival, the Birth-day of the Father of his country;" as we write we hear the rattle of an antiquated drum, stirring up the spirits to do something for themselves and their country, on the great occasion; the beater having probably stirred up spirits of a different sort for himself. Mr. Miller having distinguished himself "over the border" in the delivery of his Washington address, is to repeat it at Chapel Hill tomorrow night—Our sister city Wilmington, is rousing herself in the same cause and the Tauboro folks are doing likewise. We remark, 'enpassant," that a distinguished lawyer of our city is under engagement to contribute a series of Mount Vernon Articles to one of our Papers, and though not heralded, like those of Mr. Everett, we dare say they will be much better; they may not add ten thousand Dollars to the Fund and put, perhaps, Fifty thousand into the pocket of a speculator, but we are sure they will do more for the intellectual and moral improvement of the reader.

We are sorry to announce a great bereavement, which has overtaken this community and in fact the whole world of literature; our ink turns pale as we write that Turner's invaluable almanac has disappeared from our Bookstores: not a copy can be had for love or money; the whole edition of sixteen thousand having been exhausted. What is to be done in this lamentable category? who can dare now predict the weather? where can we turn to find the dates of remarkable events or where again can we refresh our memory of those good old jokes—where? oh, where?

Your correspondent last week was tossing and struggling in bed with this horrible "fluanzy" or he would certainly have favored you with his customary lucubration; he was glad to see his corner so well filled. Yours &c. P. S. S.

A Personal Letter.

We offer no apology for the insertion of the following private letter. Our kind friend has our thanks for his unexpected "tribute of respect:"

"*My Dear Sirs:*—It was ungrateful in me not to acknowledge the regular receipt of "The Times." It has always been a welcome guest at my fireside, and I have always placed a high value upon it. It is now over two years since it has been a regular visitant at my study, during which time it has gone on steadily improving in the beauty of its appearance and in the excellence of its contents. Marked changes have been made in it; its old robes are laid away, and new are put on; its form has been changed and its size has been increased; in all of which its steady march of improvement towards perfection is manifest. Alas! there has been one sad and irreparable change in its editorial department. Mr. Ogburn has 'shuffled off this mortal coil,' and while he lies 'locked up' in his 'case;' I hope and trust that his freed spirit is basking in the celestial joys of the bright regions of the blest. Peace to the spirit of our departed friend.

When I g'anced at your corps of contributors, I with pleasure recognized many familiar names, many who have stood by our favorite 'Times' 'even from the beginning.' To me they seem like household friends, although I am personally known to but few of them, and it has afforded me real pleasure to notice the manner in which their genius has gone on expanding and growing more elevated; and I am in hopes that they will all continue until they expand into full fruition. My best wishes are extended to the whole of them, and it would be a pleasure to be known more intimately to all of them.

"But I am still more pleased with the latest improvements in 'The Times' than with any of the former improvements that have been made in it. It is now the most beautiful, ably conducted and withal the best paper that I receive from the South; and I have no hesitation in declaring that I prefer it to most any of our Northern papers. It is eminently adapted to family reading, and is deserving of being read in every family circle in the union. And by this I intend a strong compliment, as, in my opinion, there is not one in twenty of our Northern popular newspapers that is worthy of being read in a family circle.

"Go on, my friends, go on; I told you years ago that you would succeed if you but taxed your energies. You have already got one of the finest papers in the country, and with patience and energetic action you will be able to still improve in it. You have the ability and the determination to publish a paper second to none, and in the laudable endeavor I hope that your Southern friends will stand by you manfully, and not let so commendable an enterprise fail for the want of support.—But I must close by again thanking you for the regular visits of 'The Times.' It is scarcely necessary for me to again assure you that, as from the commencement, my best wishes for your success are always with you. And, believe me, my dear sirs, that with the warmest regards I am

Your sincere friend,
GEO. W. COTHRAN."

Lockport, N. Y., Feb. 14th, 1859.

DR. LIVINGSTON, who writes from the Zambesi, Africa, September 14, speaks of that river as navigable for small draught steamers for ten months in the year, if not constantly. He also mentions a fact of great importance to the future of African commerce, that there is "an immense coal field" at Tete, on the Zambesi, where many of the seams crop out, and remarks that "with coal and the best iron ore in abundance, surely Africa will not always be the trodden down nation it has been."

Chief Justice Taney abstains from all society. Even Lord Napier was recently denied an interview with him, in consequence of age and infirmities.

KANSAS.—Latest dates from Leavenworth announce the passage by the Legislature of a bill abolishing Slavery in the Territory. The Governor will probably veto it.

Personal.

Gen. Sam Houston, the Hero of San Jacinto, is engaged in preparing his valedictory speech. He retires from public life on the 4th of March next. He says he shall pass the remainder of his days in agricultural pursuits, employing his leisure hours in writing his autobiography.

CALL DECLINED.—Rev. Prof. Hoge, of Hampden Sidney Seminary Virginia, who preached a few Sundays ago, at the New York Academy of Music, has received and declined a call to fill the post made vacant in the Collegiate Dutch Church, in that city, by the death of Rev. Dr. Knox.

OUR MINISTER TO CHINA.—Mr. John Ward, our minister to China, sails this week from Boston to Europe. He is accompanied by his family and Miss Maria J. McIntosh, the authoress of "Charms and Counter Charms." During Mr. Ward's absence in China, Mrs. Ward and Miss McIntosh, it is said, are to travel through Europe. They will be absent nearly two years.

TRIAL OF REV. DANIEL DOWNEY.—The third trial of Rev. Daniel Downey, for murder, in Staunton, Va., was closed last Tuesday. The jury retired about 2 o'clock, and subsequently came into court and stated that it was impossible for them to agree upon a verdict. The judge adjourned then till Wednesday. During the trial the prisoner's health appeared to be very feeble. On Saturday evening he fainted in the court house.

Mr. Rarey, the horse tamer, is now in Russia, on a special invitation from the Emperor and the Imperial Court.

Reuben Moore, Esq., the richest man in Rockingham county, Va., died a few days ago.

The Queen of England is a grandmother before she is forty years old.

DEATH OF THE HISTORIAN HALLAM.—Almost the same moment that the announcement of the death of the illustrious American historian, Wm. H. Prescott, reached Europe, we received here the intelligence of the death of the no less illustrious English historian, Henry Hallam. He was born in 1778, and graduated at Oxford University in 1799. In 1818 he gave to the world the first, and, perhaps, the greatest of his works, the View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages. He waited nine years and then gave to the world his Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII. to the death of George II.

COSTLY CHURCH.—The Rev. Dr. Spring's (Presbyterian) Church, at New York, has just received its finishing touch. The building has cost $230,000

A. N. Miller's foundery at Savannah was destroyed by fire last Sunday morning. Loss $1,200.

SWEARING IN THE PULPIT.—Above all things, my young friend, do not *swear* in the pulpit! I have heard the sacred name used in a manner that left a doubt whether the preacher had ever read the Ten Commandments. Your brother, Gobblegurchins, is given to the bad habit of denouncing certain crimes as "damning villiany without a parallel on *God's earth*; or, once in a while, for the sake of harsher emphasis, he will say "*God Almighty's earth.*" Now I have disliked to give you this specimen, for the repetition of such language is like handling pitch, it leaves a defilement and stench upon the mind. I have given it, however that you may know just what I mean. A clergyman who rants at this rate ought first to be advised by a friend, and if he show no sign of repentance, he ought then "to be dealt with as in other cases of immorality;" that is, set aside as a profane fellow, dangerous to good morals. It may, perhaps, give some force to this counsel, when I tell you, that not long ago a preacher used this style of reproof toward a noisy drunkard who had strayed into church. He was not so drunk, however, as to be forsaken of his wits, for he sharply retorted, by saying that he would have no such swearing there!—*National Magazine.*

SHOOTING AFFRAY.—The Lynchburg Republican learns that a difficulty took place near the Peaks of Otter in Bedford county, Va., on Sunday last, between W. H. Reynolds, editor of the Bedford Democrat, and Jonathan Trent, of that county, the former being, it is feared, fatally shot. The quarrel was about a piece of land, and growing into high words, Mr. T. drew a five shooter and fired upon Mr. R., lodging the contents of two barrels in Mr. R.'s groin. Mr. Reynolds returned the fire, striking Mr. Trent in the neck, but inflicting merely a flesh wound.

NO WONDER!—A Japanese nobleman, upon being shown a fashion plate in an American Magazine, was much startled, and exclaimed:—"How very fat your women are!"

LIGHT, THE LAW OF REFLECTION.—By the reflection of light is understood that property by which, when light falls on any smooth surface, it is thrown off from it again. There is a fixed law of optics as to the direction in which the rays are thrown off, but this law it is not necessary here to explain. The result of it is sufficiently familiar to all. How often have we beheld, with delight, the surface of the calm sea at sunrise, with a long path of light glittering on its waves between the eye and the sun! How often have we admired the golden clouds of morning reflecting the sunbeams, before the luminary itself has risen above the horizon! These and innumerable other phenomena have their birth in the law of reflection. Now it is this law which makes our eyes of use to us. Every object in nature is seen by reflected light, except the sun, the stars, and other luminous bodies which are visible by their own rays. Every other object is seen by the light, which is thrown off from it, and which forms a picture or image of such object in the eye of the beholder. The mountains—the lakes—the clouds overhead—the ocean below—the sparkling rivers—the gloomy wood—the countenances of friends—the walls of our apartments—the perception of these and all other objects of sight we owe to light reflected or thrown off from them. But to go further: were it not for this law, not only should we perceive nothing except luminous bodies themselves, but even at the hour of noonday, the whole surface of the earth and the waters would be as dark as night: in short, nature—as far as the sense of sight has anything to do with our perception of it—would be obliterated. To prove this only a single and simple illustration is necessary. Black substances are called black because they do not reflect the rays of light; hence the impression on the eye of what we call blackness or darkness is nothing more or less than the absence of reflected light. So if all nature, like black substances, reflected none of the rays of light, everything would be involved in common gloom.

We are aware that these simple facts regarding the law of reflection are not new, but, we doubt not, many of our younger readers will be enlightened on this subject for the first time by the plain statement here set forth.—*Scientific American.*

ACCIDENT TO ONE OF A BRIDAL PARTY.—On Tuesday evening a painful accident occured at the boarding house, of Miss Pannill, in Richmond, Va. The circumstances are as follows:

A wedding party was about leaving there for St. Paul's church, when the dress of one of the bridesmaids Miss Ellen Fuller, caught fire from a lamp, and a scene of great excitement ensued. Several persons rushed to her assistance, and in the efforts to extinguish the flames, Mr. Alexander Jones, the bridegroom, burnt his hands, quite badly. Miss Fuller's injuries were severe, but not considered fatal. Her escape from death is doubtless owing to the flannel with which her person was protected. The incident seriously marred the pleasures of the wedding; the ceremony, however, proceeded, and the newly married pair left in the cars for a bridal tour.

DOCTORS DIFFERING.—The medical world of New York is profoundly agitated by the "Prolong Controversy," as it is called, and a long debate on the subject took place in the New York Academy of Medicine on Wednesday night last.—The subject was the death of Mr. Samuel Whitney, who died, according to Dr. Mott, of a complication of diseases; according to a Boston paper, of a puncture of the windpipe by Dr. Green, his physician; according to the N. Y. Herald, of a superfluity of opinions. That paper is of opinion, after reviewing the late debate in the Academy, that it has not been proved that the use of nitrate of silver in diseases of the throat and lungs is a safe, proper and efficacious method of treatment; neither has it been established that such treatment has been attended with beneficial results.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

A public meeting was held at Portsmouth, Va., last week for the purpose of taking measures to rid the city of incendiaries. It was suggested that several suspicious individuals be notified to leave the city within twenty-four hours, or receive the alternative of a suit of tar and feathers. The "law and order" party, however, triumphed, and after appointing a committee of one hundred to assist the mayor and police in ferretting out the guilty scoundrels, the meeting peaceably adjourned.

ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.—There was a total eclipse of the moon on Wednesday morning, 17th inst., at 4 o'clock, visible throughout the United States.

A Kentuckian being asked how much corn he raised answered: "About ten barrels of whiskey, besides what we waste for bread."

LA GRANGE COLLEGE.—This Institution has over one hundred and fifty students and others expected.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, Feb. 26, 1859.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

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SOUTHERN COMMERCE:—On our first page this week we present a view of Richmond Virginia accompanied with a sketch, descriptive of the city and its commerce.

As we shall from time to time present views and sketches of other southern cities, we hope they will meet with the appreciation of our readers, as illustrative of the condition and importance of the Southern States and their commercial cities. They shall contain the most complete and reliable information within our power to obtain. We shall also endeavor to obtain contributions on particular branches of commerce and manufactures, whether connected or not with any particular city. It is our object to fully illustrate the Southern States and to aid in developing her history and resources. The co operation of others interested in our trade or in any particular branch is solicited, that these papers may be as full and as correct as possible.

A JEWISH GENERAL ASSEMBLY.—The Jews of the United States have it in contemplation to establish a General Assembly or Board of Representatives, to take control of Jewish interests in this country. The plan, as set forth by the Jewish Messenger, is as follows:

"Let the congregations of this city hold a meeting by regularly appointed delegates, and let them form a Board of Representatives, to have charge of the local matters. Let the various congregations of Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, &c., choose similar bodies to take charge of the general affairs of their several communities. Let each of these local Boards delegate two or three of their number to represent them and their constituents in a 'Board of Representatives of the Israelites of the U. States,' whose province it would be to look after matters of general interest, to act for the Israelites of the United States when called upon by their brethren of Europe to unite with them in some public measure, and to perform such other services as may appear desirable."

A POOR RICH MAN.—The Hartford Post, in speaking of Cyrus Butler, Providence, says he was worth some five millions of dollars, yet he lived poorer than most men not worth one thousand dollars. Salt codfish was a standard dish with him, and even in his last sickness, it is said that he upbraided those who had the care of him for their extravagance in providing delicacies for him assuring them that he could not afford it. He was a bachelor, and a snuff taker. His snuff he kept in a large box and bought by the cent's worth. There was but one store in Providence, and that on India Point, where he could get his box filled for a cent, and the old man used to patronize that store, more than a mile distant, whenever his box required filling.

Prescott's History of Philip the Second of which three volumes have appeared, is to be completed by Mr. Kirk, his amanuensis.

The Philosophy of Flame.

There is nothing more interesting to the student of Philosophy, than to account for the little oddities of every day life. And it is just as truly the department or the province of philosophy to unravel the mysterious occurrences, to which we become accustomed on account of their frequency or apparent insignificance, that happen in presence of every one in whatever sphere of duty he may labor, as to account for the movements of the planets, or to assign causes for the great winds. It may then be interesting for us for a few moments to consider the philosophy of flame.

Flame is the result of combustion, and combustion is the rapid chemical combination of combustible bodies with the oxygen of the air, being therefore an oxylation. That it is an oxydation may be easily shown by an experiment, with which all students of chemistry are familiar, namely, that of inserting in oxygen pure, a glowing coal. When thus placed, the coal will burn with a lively flame. In no other chemical element of which we are aware will this phenomenon occur; and the only conclusion that can be drawn from this is, that it is the oxydation of bodies which produces the combustion or flame. This can be better shown by the fact, which all know, and perhaps have observed, that, if a common wood fire be too compactly built or the fire place be so filled with ashes, as to exclude the free circulation of air, the fire will burn but slowly if at all. The second constituent of common air is nitrogen, and if a burning taper be held in this gas, the flame will be extinguished; and another remarkable coincidence and proof of the assertion that oxygen is the feeding substance to the flame, is, that there is about five times as much nitrogen as oxygen in the air, and in the pure oxygen the wood or match or whatever combustible substance may be put in the pure oxygen, will be consumed as far as can be measured, five times as rapidly as in the common air.

The combustible substance that is oxydized by means of the air is *hydrogen*, the second element of water—and it is one of the strangest facts of chemistry, perhaps, that the burning of hydrogen brings water. The hydrogen is in all or nearly all kinds of wood, and upon being ignited burns with a flame. The carbon of the wood burns with more difficulty and without flame; and thus is explained the fact that a wood fire first blazes, and finally only glows. Most of the compound substances formed during combustion are aeriform and consequently pass off under the familiar name of *smoke*. These substances consist chiefly of combinations of the oxygen of the air with carbon or *char coal* as it is known; and this is the cause of so much soot being deposited in the chimney, on the walls, and wherever the smoke may go. Were the char coal completely burned there would not be such a deposit of soot.

Perhaps all have noticed the blue, leaping flame in the fire place, especially when the flame from a chunk is dying out, or when it is almost at the heat required for complete combustion. This is owing to the burning of carbonic oxyd gas. This is an extremely poisonous gas, and constitutes the coal-gas of the mines, and when inhaled causes death. On being burned, it forms carbonic acid gas, which cannot be inflamed. Upon the incomplete combustion of coal, in stoves, this carbonic oxyd gas is generated and it is owing to this, that so many deaths occur, where charcoal is much used.

From the ashes that remain is obtained the potash of commerce which affords the widely used *saleratus* to the world. It has recently been announced through the papers of the day, that saleratus was poisonous, and on this account there should be a great deal of caution in the using of it.

But it is, perhaps, far more interesting to discuss the flame of a candle or lamp. There is something beautiful in light. The least child will be captivated with the flame of a candle, and will make ceaseless exertions to obtain the glittering treasure; and not until it experiences its nature, will he stop his labors. And it has proved equally attractive to the philosopher. To any one that observes the flame produced by a candle, three distinct conical shaped parts will be seen. In the centre is a cone, which is quite dark and is not completely burnt. The substances are the carbon and hydrogen of the candle (decomposed tallow or spermacetti) so mingled as to form *illuminating gas*, which consists of two different kinds of *carburetted hydrogen* mixed together.—This is a very inflammable gas, and upon igniting, its heat forms the second cone around the first. This second cone is hydrogen burning, "intimately mixed with carbon at a white heat; and on the very outside, a scarcely perceptible veil in which carbon is burning."

Thus we see the different degrees of heat producing different amounts of light. The hydrogen, easily inflammable, does not require a high degree of heat to ignite it, and being inflamed it heats the carbon to a white heat, and thus causes the complete combustion of the carbon.

There is another very important and interesting point with regard to the flame of a candle or lamp. The white color of the flame is resolvable into the seven colors of the spectrum. Prof. Olmsted in his work on Natural Philosophy has the following proposition: "*The light of the sun, reflected from the first surface of bodies, and also the white flames of all combustibles, whether direct or reflected, differ in color and refrangibility, like the direct light of the sun.*" This is proved by direct experiment. But there is another theory in regard to this interesting subject.

The white color is produced by the combination of the colors red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet; for we look through them all, looking at the flame of a candle; and were we to look down upon it there would be the same effect for the same cause; but could we possibly obtain a horizontal section of the flame, the different colors would be distinctly visible. We know this is a bold assertion, and we acknowledge that we rely mostly upon the assertions of others, and that we can bring forward but little proof or argument; but let us see if what is said will aid us in solving the difficulty.

All who have studied optics, have examined the labors of distinguished opticians, or have made the experiments for themselves, are cognizant of the fact, that the violet color has the greatest degree of refrangibility, and the red the least. Well, if we should intently examine the flame of a candle, it is no imagination that prompts us to say that the violet color can be distinctly seen, especially at the lowest part of the flame; and a good and steady eye can trace the violet color up to the apex of the cone. This is confirmatory of the *theory*, if theory it is, that the seven colors are thus arranged (violet being outermost and the red innermost) in the candle flame. The other demonstrations and experiments to prove this point farther can not be given here, but those desiring to know more on this interesting part of the subject may ascertain from chemical works, works on light and such other books.

An important law with regard to combustion generally, and relating to the flame, and upon which principal Sir Humphrey Davy invented the safety-lamp, so generally used throughout the mining world, is illustrated by the following experiment: Place in the flame of a candle a piece of wire gauge, or sieve. The flame will not burn through it, and the smoke only passes through it. Thus the flame is cut off, and as effectually as if sheet tin had been inserted, and yet the light is easily seen through it. Acting under this known law, Davy's safety-lamp was constructed. Miners in coal derive an advantage from this, as by this means they can go anywhere in the coal pit without much danger from the catching fire and explosion of light carburetted hydrogen and other gases, since the smoke can only be ignited by a match applied from without the guage, or by heating the guage to a white heat.

Another fact, or rather discussion upon this subject, of exceeding interest, is the point of greatest heat. In the flame of a candle the outer surfaces of the cone are at a higher heat. This might be known from the facts stated before; for the carbon is only completely consumed in the outermost of the three cones before mentioned, being at a white heat in the middle cone. This may be readily and simply illustrated by inserting a match or small piece of wood through the lower part of the candle flame. The part that comes in contact with the outer portions of the flame will be ignited, while, perhaps, the part in the centre is not in the least degree burned. The point of the greatest heat in the flame of a lamp is at the apex, or at the vertices of the three cones, or at the combinations of all the chromatic cones. The color of the fire flame is not always an index of the heat; for some gases burn with a very slight flame, and yet evolve the greatest heat.

We now come to what may be termed the *curiosities of flame*. Strange as it may seem, or inconsistent as it may seem with our ideas of metals, zinc burns with a bluish flame upon the application of a strong heat? The following is taken from an old journal, and as it relates to the subject under consideration, our readers will pardon the insertion. The article is entitled "Scientific Phenomenon."

"During a lecture delivered lately by Professor Faraday, at the Royal Institution of Science, a piece of pure iron peculiarly prepared, so that its particles might present a large surface to the action of the oxygen in the atmospher, was ignited, and continued to burn like tinder. The ready combustion of iron, compared with gunpowder, was shown by a very simple experiment. Some iron filings and gunpowder were united to-gether and sprinkled into the flame of spirits of wine burning on a plate, when the iron filings caught fire and burnt in bright sparks, whilst the gunpowder passed through the flame without igniting; and the quantity that fell on the plate was afterwards dried and exploded. Lead prepared in a similar way, was shown to be still more inflammable, for it caught in a beautiful flame when exposed to the air. The Professor stated that lead is nearly as inflammable as phosphorus, and he explained the cause of its not burning in ordinary circumstances to be that the solid product of combustion forms a film that prevents contact with the oxygen, and the conducting power of the other parts of the metal draws off, and dissipates the heat. He pointed out the admirable arrangements, by which these combustible properties of the metals are kept in proper control, and bodies that are really so inflammable are made to act as strong resistents of combustion."

The salts of strontia, a substance somewhat resembling magnesia or lime, impart a beautiful crimson flame to burning substances. The nitrate is used extensively in fire-works to produce the deep crimson. The muriate is soluble in alcohol and imparts to its flame a crimson color.

Chromic acid, an oxide of chromium, easily parts with its oxygen and thus causes combustion; for, if the smallest portion of strong alcohol, be left on the sides of a glass which has contained it, and chromic acid come in contact, the combination of alcohol and oxygen will be so sudden as to produce a flame. If upon a mixture of the substance, chromic acid and camphor, some alcohol be dropped, instantaneous ignition will ensue.

If boracia acid, which is the acid constituent of the salt borate of soda, or as it is generally called in commerce, *borax*, be mixed with alcohol, and then the mixture ignited, the alcohol will burn with a beautiful flame.

But it is not necessary to proceed farther with this interesting subject. It may here be proper to state that reference has generally been made to Stockhardt's Principles of Chemistry, because it was believed that it was more generally circulated throughout the South, and reference would be more easily obtained.

We learn that on Monday the Legislature elected the following gentlemen Trustees of the University: Paul C. Cameron, of Orange; Hon. A. M. Scales, of Rockingham; William Lander, of Lincoln; DeWitt C. Stone, of Franklin; J. J. Jackson, of Chatham; R. D. Hart, of Granville; T. D. McDowell, of Bladen; R. R. Bridgers, of Edgecombe; R. L. Patterson, of Forsyth; and J. M. Taylor, of Nash.

Earnest endeavors are being made in New Jersey to erect a State monument in honor of the battle fields of the State.

Striking Resemblance.

A correspondent sends the following: "In the third number of 'The Times,' is given a song, or poem, which is so nearly like one of the same name, by Eliza Cook, that an ungenerous reader would at once pronounce the writer, guilty of plagiarism. I send you a copy of the latter poem, and I think that the two ought to be published together; for whenever one author is known to imitate another so closely, the one so imitating is likely to be charged with purloining; and if guilty, he can not be too widely exposed; or if innocent, he can not have too many chances of vindicating his innocence."

The Heart—The Heart.

BY ELIZA COOK.

The heart—the heart! oh! let it be
A true and bounteous thing;
As kindly warm, as nobly free,
As eagle's nestling wing.
Oh! keep it not, like miser's gold,
Shut in from all beside;
But let its precious stores unfold,
In mercy far and wide.
The heart—the heart, that's truly blest,
Is never all its own;
No ray of glory lights the breast
That beats for self alone.

The heart—the heart! oh! let it spare
A sigh for others' pain;
The breath that soothes a brother's care
Is never spent in vain.
And though it throb at gentlest touch,
Or sorrow's faintest call,
'Twere better it should ache too much,
Than not to ache at all.
The heart—the heart, that's truly blest,
Is never all its own;
No ray of glory lights the breast
That beats for self alone.

We re-publish the poem as it appeared in The Times of the 22nd January; and which our correspondent thinks so nearly resembles the above.

The Heart—The Heart.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The heart—the heart, should ever be
Pure as an angel's wing;
Its thoughts should flow as soft and free
As water from a spring;
It should not be, like miser's gold
Hid in some dark recess;
But all its treasures should unfold,
To purify and bless:
For God, the heart did ne'er intend
To live for self alone;
No man is happy in this life
Whose heart is all his own.

The heart—the heart, should ever feel
For other's woe and pain;
It should not sympathies conceal—
For kindness is not vain;
And should it throb at worldly ills,
Or sorrow's faintest call;
'Twere better it should *feel too much*,
Than never feel at all;
For God, the heart did ne'er intend
To live for self alone;
No man is happy in this life,
Whose heart is all his own.

THE BAY LINE.—We learn from the Portsmouth Transcript that the new and spacious Steamer, Geo. W. Weems, of Baltimore, has been chartered to supply the place of the North Carolina, on the Bay, and will run alternately with the Steamer Georgia until the repairs of the Louisiana are completed. The new arrangement went into operation last week, the W.'s days from Baltimore being Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

RESIGNATION OF MINISTER FORSYTH.—Mr. Forsyth, U. S. Minister to Mexico, has made a formal tender of his resignation. It is credibly stated, we learn from Washington, that Secretary Cass expressed for the Administration its satisfaction in his diplomatic course. The cause of his resignation is said to be the slow movements of our government relative to Mexican affairs.

KANSAS INTELLIGENCE.—The Legislature has passed a bill providing for the formation of a Constitution and State Government, and also for an election on the 4th Monday in March for or against holding a Convention. If favorable, an election of fifty delegates will be held on the first Tuesday in June. The Convention will meet on the first Tuesday in July at Wyandotte city. A Constitution will be submitted to the people in October, and the officers will be elected under the Constitution in December.

Some Portland physicians extracted a bullet from the brain of a Mr. Sherwood of Canada, a few days ago. The ball was shot into his head some six months ago.

The Freemasons of Virginia intend to erect a splendid Masonic Temple at Richmond.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Sabbath.

BY H. A. DWIGHT.

Sabbath, 'tis a grateful day—
Heaven's kind donative to Earth,
Tinged with a celestial ray,
To recall a Savior's birth!

Sabbath, 'tis the time to win,
Life eternal in the skies;
To escape the doom of sin,
And become forever wise!

'Tis the day for rebel man
His rebellious course to cease—
Never-ending ages scan,
And secure eternal peace!

'Tis the day to bid adieu
To the vanities of time,
And, with endless life in view,
Seal the heart to sin and crime.

'Tis the day a world to save—
Man to Heaven to reconcile—
Re-illume his darksome grave
And obtain his Maker's smile!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE DEATH-BROKEN VOW; OR Meet Me in Heaven.

BY ECHO.

"REMEMBER your promise, Fannie," whispered a lover to his lady as she took the cars for a tour North in the sultry month of August. "I shall be anxious about you until I hear."

"Thank you, Paul, I'll not forget," she replied with a sweet smile, while a pearly tear rested on her pale face.

This, reader, is but a brief preface to the long story I am about commencing, and to say the truth, it is such a heart-felt one that I scarcely know how best to proceed with it, so as to do it half justice; but I guess I'd better begin by introducing our hero and heroine in their early life. Fannie Hayden and Paul Crawford had been acquainted from their earliest recollection, and from that time had been friends. The boughs of the same nursery often shaded both; their amusements and diversions were similar, but their dispositions as opposite as could be. Fannie was innocent, gleeful and true; Paul wayward, reckless and fickle. But as years rolled on they both had stamped upon their characters the changes that time brings; her childish pleasantry having ripened into a thoughtful high-mindedness, which never failed to edify as well as please when brought out by conversation, while his waywardness had been laid aside for other traits which better qualified him to fill a high station in society, and look with due appreciation upon the depth of soul and aspiring inclinations of her, whose influence had partially, if not wholly, wrought the change in him. He was now of like temperament with her, having caught by association a ray from the spark which illumined her soul.

Suffice it to say they were lovers, and before one and twenty summers had wept and smiled upon her brow, she had given her hand with her heart to him whom she had so carefully trained. She was his betrothed, and they were happy in each other's devotion, enjoying the present, remembering the past with pleasure, unsuspecting the darkness of their future. Often did they wander off alone where naught but the breath of flowers, the stars and angels could intrude upon their youthful bliss, and they to be sure could not be called intruders, since in themselves they inspire one with love, and smile to witness scenes so fraught with earthly joy. They walked together—read and sang together, and one knew no sunshine without the other.

It was at such a time as the one described when Fannie, half smiling, but still mournfully, turned to Paul and said:

"I am going away."

"Where, Fannie—you are not in earnest?" he asked looking at her when he found to his surprise a tear falling from her thickly-fringed lids—a tear which had in a moment sprang from her heart's deep fount at the thought of leaving and the cause which made such a step necessary.

"When and where? I entreat you to tell me," continued the astonished and stricken Paul.

"Soon, and to the North," she replied calmly but sadly. "My health, Paul, demands something of the kind; a change, somewhere, and I thought a trip North would perhaps be beneficial. I must resort to some means for its improvement, for I am wasting by degrees, and fear if I remain here consumption will claim me as its victim. The weather is now warm and pleasant, and I prefer the North, though some may think it a strange fancy for a consumptive."

"Do not, I pray you Fannie, send such daggers to my soul. My heart sinks within me to think of a short separation even, and a final one would be more than I could bear. Throw such thoughts away, dearest," he said, putting his arms about her frail waist as if to defy death to rob him of his life—his all.

"Yes I must go, Pa and Ma advise it, and also Dr. Fletcher thinks it would prove beneficial; and you, Paul, I hope you will not object, since to die, if I remain here, would be inevitable."

"Go, yes go; anything but death; the word even almost unmans me, in connection with you; but this you'll promise me, that you will write often and tell me all while you are absent."

"Yes, you shall hear from me weekly, when I am able to write. Be careful with yourself, Paul, and pray that I may be spared to return again. My prayers shall ascend nightly, as they have done for a long time, for your protection and preservation; and if Providence has designed that we meet no more on earth, I trust I shall be enabled in the trying hour to say with the Psalmist, 'Though I walk thro' the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil;' and when my spirit leaves its wasting tenement, it may be escorted by angels to the paradise of God, there to await you, where parting will rend our hearts no more."

Paul trembled as she thus continued, for a "still small voice" seemed to whisper something dark to him, what he could not tell, but it almost convulsed his frame, so terrible did it make his forebodings. Recovering a little from his grief and excitement, he whispered, scarcely audibly:

"Meet again! yes Fannie, I'll pray that we may meet again, though I never prayed before, yet I hope my humble, broken petitions may be received for their earnestness, and return to me in health and devotion, my life, my all in you."

"Never prayed Paul? why the idea shocks me! Did you never pray? A soul like yours devoid of prayer! I scarcely can realize it."

"I prayed at my mother's knee, Fannie, but since then my thoughts have wandered from the holy altar, and I fear to my ill fortune."

"He never prayed," she said and sighed, after which she turned to him and continued, "Well Paul, you are bound to my heart by tender ties, and to be still more sacred to me, you must learn to pray; it will make you wiser, better and a more loveable man; and besides, I cannot bear to leave you, uncertain of a re union on earth, without a lesson in the holy science. If you love me as you profess, kneel with me here on nature's carpet, the work of that Being you have so long slighted, and repeat after me this prayer, taught in the Sacred Scriptures, 'Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' &c."

He obeyed, and though her voice was ever sweet to him, it never before sounded so musical, so heavenly melodious.—There was a deep pathos in it, which brought to his mind the days of his childhood, when the long hushed lips of his mother taught him in like manner, and he could not drive back his tears.

Rising from the holy attitude, she said:

"I can now leave you better satisfied, Paul, if you ll promise me to continue such exercises, and you though a stranger to God, will find them a sweet solace, a healing balm whenever you feel depressed and heavy laden with sorrow. Tell Jesus all; he is a friend who will never turn a deaf ear to your entreaties; ever sympathizing with and comforting those who call upon him in distress."

"Yes, I will Fannie, dearest and best; never will I forget the teachings of to-night; they shall ever stand brightest among my reminiscences of the past. Surely some angel has sent you to reclaim my wandering soul, and I am of all men most blest in the possession of such a prize.—How could I live without you, my idol?"

"Talk not thus wildly, Paul, worship not the creature, but the Creator," she said, "and it is now time for us," she added, "to return to the house, for the dews are already falling, and soon it will be too late for me to be out as I am too frail to stand even the night air; the time, too, when my heart most loves to admire the holy pensive stars, and hold sweet converse with them. Bright twinklers! I shall prize them more when my brief journey here is ended, and I shall be permitted to dwell among them all and revel in their charms through ages unnumbered."

One week from this time, Fannie started in quest of earth's greatest blessing—health. Paul was by her side when she mounted the "iron horse," and it was then he reminded her of her punctuality in writing which we quoted in the commencement of our sad story. It necessarily follows that he was grieved at the separation and waited with anxious heart and thoughtful brow for her first letter, which was received the week after she reached her destination. Nervously he broke the seal, and read as follows:

M——, August 16th, 1854.

"Paul, *My Dearest Friend:*

As I always endeavor to fulfil my promises, *particularly to you*, I now after little over a week's absence hastily drop you a brief note. I reached here safely and fancy from appearances I shall have a pleasant time. With the exception of fatigue, I feel very comfortable to-night, but the stage drive from S—— to P—— was almost too much for me in my present state of debility. The scenery here is fine, well calculated to inspire one with devotional feelings towards its great Architect. I hope Paul, you have not forgotten to pray since I left you. I often, oh, so often think of you, and never without regretting your long neglect of that Being who preserves you from the ills of life and bestows so many blessings upon you. Remember, Paul, 'a Christian is the highest style of man,' and of all men I most desire you to be one; then do, I entreat you, do away with your moralism, which is a more dangerous doctrine than open rebellion, and become a child of God. May his smiles rest ever on you is the sincere prayer of your most devoted FANNIE."

"She is already an angel, what need hath she of crossing the cold Jordan of death to reach heaven when she goes!" he soliloquised after its perusal; then repaired immediately to his desk, and replied in the following strain:

N—— Aug. 23, 1854.

"Happy indeed was I Fannie, my dearest and best, on breaking the seal of your sweet solicitous letter, to find that you were comfortable and contented, but was most gratified in the idea of your journey not having prostrated you, as I was apprehensive it might have that tendency. I trust my beloved; that you may continue to improve and soon be restored to me in the bloom of health.—Time hangs heavily upon me, when you, my sweet song-bird, are away. O, that I could be with you, but such, you know my love, is utterly impossible. I have tried to carry out your injunctions to the best of my ability, but whenever I begin the exercise, I forget my own sinfulness, in my earnest, enthusiastic invocations in your behalf. Every thing speaks so directly to my heart of you,—the little arbor, where you first taught me, like the sea shell, true to its waters, seems ever reflecting the sweet, sad sounds so often breathed therein in the happy past. Its language is indeed impressive, but when I awake to consciousness, I find it all a sweet illusion, and turn from it, with a heart full of regrets that you are so far away. Be very careful with yourself Fannie darling, visit me in my dreams to night;—write punctually, for suspense will almost turn to anguish, with me before another letter from your loved hand, reaches your lone idolatrous, PAUL."

These letters were the beginning of a correspondence, which was continued between them during her whole absence. Her second, third and fourth letters were very flattering, and Paul and her parents were cheered with the thought, that she was really recovering and would soon be restored to them in health; but alas! the imperceptible workings of that insidious worm, was but presenting its false phases, and soon her communications grew gloomy, and more brief. Each one that came but dampened their former hopes, and sunk in deeper grief their troubled spirits. In her last she stated she was much bothered by a cough, which annoyed her so constantly that she consulted a physician; of whom she implored, with all the earnestness of one on the verge of eternity, her true situation. But he, not wishing to alarm her, rather flattered her, by saying, he thought her mind was perhaps too much burdened by her constant anxiety about home, and advised her, in a very unsuspecting manner, as he thought, to relieve it, by returning. She wished nothing more, her fate was sealed and as she thought upon her final adieu to earth and all it held dear to her trusting heart, she turned aside to hide the flowing tears which came unbidden to her bright consumptive eyes. She remained two months only in pursuit of health. When the leaves were beginning to sear from frost, and the forests presented the golden, purple and brown tints of autumn, she returned with deep seated consumption.

Paul's meeting with her was both a sad and happy one; sad that she was so changed,—happy that they had met once more on earth. He greeted her with his same familiar look and smile, but his heart was masked in the tokens he gave, and her quick perception, failed not to read beneath the mask, Paul's anguish and despair. Poor hearts! enduring what they fain would rather die than bear; and tho' he was so pained, he endeavored to conceal his emotions, fearing that any manifestations of such on his part, might excite her too much, and thereby cause her to pass but the sooner away.

She was at home only a few weeks before her weakness, which was no doubt increased by her fatigue occasioned by returning, was so great as to prostrate her. Physicians were called in, but none could arrest her disease, it had preyed too long upon her system; their exertions though doubtless prolonged her life. Paul's visits were more and more frequent—every moment that he could spare from his urgent duties was spent at her bedside; no other hand could so well administer her medicine, no other voice so cheered her. As it is the nature of the disease to flatter, they were sometimes cherishing hopes of her recovery, at other times fearing the worst result. At one of the former times, Paul, to revive her, referred to the happy season of their union; but instead of consolation in return she replied:

"Talk not of the future to me Paul; my future is in the past, I feel but too sensibly my destiny. My fate is sealed. Death will claim me his bride. I once could enjoy such anticipations with you, but now alas! behold me! wasted to a mere skeleton, beauty, health, all gone. But disease, while it has thus reduced my frame, has not sullied my heart which is yours, *yours only* to the last. I have hoped against hope so long, that I have now given up all, yes, all *but you Paul;* father, mother, sisters and brothers, I can tear myself from, but it is indeed a heart struggle, to bid a final farewell to you. O! 'tis agony to me, to think upon leaving one, whom next to my Saviour, I most loved; but my own Paul, if spirits in eternity are permitted to guard the ones on earth, mine shall still hover over you after it leaves the frame it now inhabits. Remember my counsels, forget not to pray, and meet me, O! meet me in heaven."

Tears flowed like rain while she thus addressed him, and he could scarcely say "I will meet you there," so stifled by grief was his organ of speech. Never till then was he so forcibly struck with the truth of her speedy death, and though conscious that she must die, it seemed but to strengthen his devotion and increase his exertions to prolong her life.

Only a few days elapsed after this interview, before the fatal hour came. He was sent for in haste to witness her last moment, but no speed was sufficient to prevent him from being too late—ere he reached her home, her spirit had winged its flight above. Pale and excited he entered—but Fannie was dead! When informed of it, his agony was too great for tears to relieve, and he walked the floor, convulsed by grief so poignant, that the purple veins could no longer retain their contents, but yielded them in streams from his lips and nostrils. Soon the bridal habili ments were used, us a shroud; —satin folds lay over a still heart;—white gloves encased pulseless hands, and Fannie Hayden, though a corpse, was beautiful, even in death.

Thinking, to see her, would perhaps relieve in a measure his bleeding heart he was admitted into the gloomy hall where her remains could be seen; when he knelt by the side of his lifeles love, laid his head upon her quiet heart as if to hear its throbbings, pressed his lips to her colorless ones, and abandoned himself to such grief as one can only feel, when life to him is worse than death, and his spirit longs to be freed from the sorrows which encompass it, soliloquising the while, "O! angel Fannie, smile not thus mockingly upon me! rekindle the spark, inexorable Death, and bid her breathe, speak, but once again! 'O! Death where is thy sting! O! grave where is thy victory!' Heaven hath gained another star, whose beams alone made earth bright to me. Rest thou angel! I'm undone."

* * * * * *

She was buried in the nearest churchyard, where Paul, lone and disconsolate often sought her grave to commune with her spirit which she promised should watch over and guard him. This sketch, reader, may seem fanciful and unreal, but start not, when I tell you it is founded on facts, delivered to the writer, by a friend and acquaintance of the Cypress wreathed bride; which while it saddens us, leaves us with the pleasing idea, that Speculation has not entirely usurped the place and power of true Love.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Man.

The derivation of the Greek word, signifying *human*, is, I suppose, known to all, especially, to those, who have studied the classics; *Anthropos*, from words, meaning, *to turn the eye upward*, or, *a turner-up of the eye.*

But very few animals are so constructed, in the wisdom of Providence, as to be able to lift the head above the level of the neck, and their eyes are in such a position, as to enable them to look upward, only with great difficulty. Their range of vision, being more horizontal, while that of man, is more perpendicular than otherwise, as is shown by all opticians, demonstrates that it is owing to the constitution and mechanism, that this phenomenon occurs.

There was always something grand to me, in this definition of the Greek Philosophy. Man is the only being, so made as to point out, continually, the source from whence he derives all the blessings and pleasures of life. He is the only being, that can, at any time, avert his eyes heavenward, from the strifes of the world, and rejoice in the presence and blessing of a God; for as one of the most beautiful Christian poets aptly sings:

"Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near."

There is another idea in this definition, which was perhaps unintentional on the part of the heathen, and which perhaps has not been noticed by the classical scholar. It is this. The Greek means a turner-up of the eye, and this is given as a distinction, between man and brute. Is it not then degrading and debasing to man, inasmuch as it places him on a level with the beasts of the field, to turn his eyes downward, to fix his attention upon the pleasures and joys of earth? And is not the very word a reminder of duty? E.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

To Lottie Linwood.

Lottie, as we turn over life's painted leaves, we hear the last pulse linger on its margin, to tell us that life's fire has gone out, and the flame of eternity now blazes upon us with all its realities. Time has closed the gate way of life, and opened the door of death. Each leaf of life has been laid open to the eyes of him that never sleeps, and whose heart never ceases to throb. His hand waves the destiny of creation, and points life to its centre. The howling winds tell us, that the zephyrs of heaven, fanned your loved one into a world, where life is not followed by death, nor meeting by parting. The couch of time has been closed, and the torch of heaven now lights him to to his home in the Spirit Land. His days on earth are threaded together on time's string, and the needle has stitched the last wound pierced by earth and its tiresome dreams. The mossy fountains, the Sylvan shades, and the incense of the breathing spring delights him no more. New falls of water now murmur in his ear, and the green reeds that once trembled by the perplexing winds, break upon him as a flood of day, a tide of glory, and an unclouded blaze. Yes, the mountains of sorrow have all melted away, and the hoarse voice of the world ceases to grate upon his ear.

His dark Cottage on earth is battered and decayed, and his new home is chinked with the light of heaven. Oh! invidious grave, how it tears asunder the hearts, whom love has knit into one, and smothered the gentle efforts made by two loving hearts. What painful remembrances it brings of joys departed never more to return. It shuts their ears, that they may no more hear the heart of love beat within their bosoms. But Lottie, why drink the cup of grief, or eat the bitter bread of misery? Spring would be gloomy, if we had nothing but Spring. I know you loved him, with an undying love, yet the pale finger of disease has blotted out his life's sun, and nought remains, save the speechless form that has been wrapped in its winding sheet, and consigned to the lone tomb. How our eyes startle as we read the sad sentence marked upon his grave stone; which tells us that he sleeps that deep sleep that knows no waking. But Lottie, do not let this mar your happiness; beyond the crystal vaults of heaven, with all their sparkling balls of light, he steers the winged boat of his new home. I grieve Lottie that your heart's first love should be blighted. But is there no physician for the soul? Is there no nimble finger that can knit together the little fibres of love that have been snapped by the grim monster-death?

Think of it; the last joy that withered in your bosom, will be renewed in his Eternal home of promise. Lottie, in heaven he will meet you with out stretched arms and the broken cords will all be cemented into time's never ending realities; and the long lost will be yours in heaven. As the cold rain now patters on the roof of your loved home, you wonder how you can bear it. But in a few years you will have passed through the tangled wilds of this world, and then the last echoed vow on earth will be re-echoed in heaven. Grief's shadow will be sunshine, and your tears will be filled with light. Ere Morpheus' seal shall have been set upon your eye lids, you will see the wheel of life's varying changes checkered over with smiles, and your future conditions mapped out, and drawn on its periphery. They say that love can die, but it is a sin thus to speak; it is indestructible. It came from heaven, and to heaven it goes back again. We will have our harvest time of love there. Lottie, he is worthey to be loved, for in the center of his heart, where neither spade, nor hoe, has been, bright flower', unsown, sprang up; and as the cold November winds, scorched their tender leaves, they dropped one by one, and his life faded with them. OPHELIA.

RING-WORN REMEDY.—The Fayettville *Observer* publishes the following receipe for the cure of ring-worm and teter.—That those of our readers who may require a remedy for such an affection may have the benefit of the information, we republish it.

"Heat a fire shovel or a piece of iron to a red heat—put a handfull of shelled corn on the heated iron—take a cold smoothing iron and press on the burning corn and there will be a kind of oil that will gather on the iron, which will be sure to cure any kind of tetter, if applied two or three times.

An old bachelor says, that women are so fond of appearance, that if you could make them believe there are no looking-glasses in heaven, they would set no more value on salvation than they do on a poor relation.

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

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Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

CONSISTENCY.—The members of the late legislature, enemies of a rail road connection between Danville, Va. and Greensboro, N. C., have been guilty of an inconsistency rarely met with in legislation. The avowed opposition to the connection was on account of the loss of travel and freight to the North Carolina road, which they said, would run off to Danville. Not securing the connection, the Rockingham delegates were anxious to get a road from the coalfield in that county to the North Carolina road. Even a partial outlet for their coal was thought to be better than no road at all. And besides, it would serve as a *feeder* to the North Carolina road, the great pet with the opposition to the Danville connection. But now comes the consistency. The most avowed enemies to the connection, and on the ground of feeding Virginia towns to the injury of the North Carolina road and of North Carolina towns, moved an amendment in the Senate to the Coalfield road, which had passed the House, and reversed the bill, making the road a *Virginia* feeder, instead of a feeder to the North Carolina road. The bill originally provided that the road should not run within less than twenty miles of Danville; but the amendment provides that the road should begin at, or near Danville, and shall not run within less than twenty miles of Greensboro. Hence all the produce of Rockingham and adjoining counties, which hitherto was hauled to Greensboro for the North Carolina road, must now run to Danville.

If the above proceedings are not a species of inconsistency, they are out and out a dogged persecution, under false colors, of Guilford County for her political principles. "Honesty is the best policy," and no party will promote its interest by following a course contrary wise.

EDITORS.—A letter of Dr. R. Fuller, in the *Tennessee Baptist*, speaks of the editorial fraternity, as follows:

"It is the misfortune of editors, that their pens are ever in their hands—the press ever close by—and so they write and print in hot haste, without any counsellor or censor, much which they would neither print nor write had they time to sleep on the matter. And vexed by duns till they are almost undone; harassed by all sorts of scribblers, honestly seeking to enlighten the world; besieged by kind patrons, who must not be offended and cannot be pleased; inundated by all kinds of mysterious (*horresco referens*) hieroglyphics; hearing, they 'crown him' to-day and they 'crucify him' to-morrow; cheated by subscribers and hawked at by rivals; fretted, chafed, shot at by a hundred insatiate archers; exhausted by lucubrations which nobody reads, and by demonstrations which nobody admires; a martyr to bad debts, bad papers, bad enemies, and worse friends. Who can wonder they are at all times atrabiliarious and atrocious, supercilious and savage; that they are a *'genus irritabile,'* and that however essentially good humored they will, *'verba et iras ponant'* as one has said of the lawyers?"

HILLSBORO MILITARY ACADEMY:—Col. Tew is pushing forward his Military Academy at Hillsboro with much energy, and we hope, with much success. We invite the attention of builders to his advertisement for proposals in this number.

COLD WEATHER IN TEXAS.—A letter from El Paso to the Galveston Civilian, dated Jan. 12th, says:

This is the coldest winter that has been experienced here for fifteen years. The Rio Grande is nearly frozen over, and immense quantities of ice are floating down the river, but notwithstanding the intense cold the health of that country is excellent.

Trinity College.

The North Carolina Conference of the M. E. Church, South, having made arrangements with the Trustees of Normal College for a transfer of said College to the Conference, a bill was introduced into the late session of the Legislature for amendments to the Charter. The bill passed, and we copy from the *N. C. Christain Advocate*, the Charter as amended. The Advocate says the Charter is full and complete; and is all that the Church could desire:

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, that J. A. Gilmer, C. F. Deems, J. M. Leach, R. T. Heflin, Joseph Johnson, W. L. Steele, S. G. Coffin, B. Craven, James Leach, D. B. Nicholson, Ahi Robbins, John B. Troy, J. W. Thomas, J. H. Robbins, N. H. D. Wilson, J. P. H. Russ, M. W. Leach, B. F. Steed, J. M. Garrett, W. Barringer, K. Johnson, L. M. Leach, J. E. Williamson, L. Blackmer, W. Closs, N. F. Reid, I. T. Wyche, J. C. Blocker, J. B. Beckwith, J. W. Tucker, W. H. Bobbitt. W. S. G. Andrews, H. Lilly, S. D. Wallace, T. W. Harris, H. B. Short, and their successors, be, and they are hereby declared a body politic and corporate, to be known and distinguished by the name and style of "Trinity College," and by that name and style shall have a perpetual succession and a common seal, and be able and capable in law of holding lands, tenements and chattels for the use and purposes of said College; and of sueing and being sued, and of pleading and being impleaded.

SEC. 2 Be it further enacted, that the estate real and personal, received and controlled by the Trustees of Trinity College, shall be for the uses and purposes of a Literary Institution for the North Corolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

SEC. 3 Be it further enacted, that all vacancies in the Board of Trustees shall be filled by said North Carolina Conference; *Provided however*, that no person shall be elected a Trustee, till he has first been recommended by a majority of the Trustees present at a regular meeting; and the Trustees shall have power to remove any member of their body, who may remove beyond the boundary of the State, or who may refuse or neglect to discharge the duties of a Trustee.

SEC. 4 Be it further enacted, that the Trustees shall have power to fix the time of holding their annual meetings; of appointing a President and Professors for said College; of appointing an Executive committee to consist of seven members, which committee shall control the internal regulations of said College and fix all salaries and emoluments; and of doing all other things necessary for an Institution of learning, not inconsistent with the laws of this State and of the United States.

SEC. 5 Be it further enacted, that the Trustees shall have power to make such rules, regulations and by-laws, not inconsistent with the Constitution of the United States and of this State, as may be necessary for the good government of said College, and the management of the property and funds of the same.

SEC. 6. Be it further enacted, that the Faculty and Trustees shall have the power of conferring such degrees and marks of honor, as are conferred by Colleges and Universities generally: and that five Trustees shall be a quoram to transact business.

SEC. 7. Be it further enacted, that no person shall keep, maintain or have at Trinity College, or within two miles thereof, any tippling house, establishment or place for the sale of wine, cordials, spirituous or malt liquors; nor shall any person in the State, without a written permission from the Faculty, sell, offer to sell, give or deliver to any student of Trinity College, or to any person, any wine, cordials, spirituous or malt liquors, for the purpose of being used, or with a knowledge that the same will be used at said College, or within two miles thereof by any student.

SEC. 8. Be it further enacted, that no person shall set up, keep or maintain at Trinity College, or within two miles thereof, any public billiard-table, or other table of any kind, at which games of chance or skill, by whatever name called, may be played; and that no person without written permission from the Faculty, shall within the same limits exhibit any theatricals, sleight of hand, natural or artificial curiosities, or any performance in music, singing or dancing.

SEC. 9. Be it further enacted, that the President and Directors of the Literary Fund, are hereby directed to loan to the Trustees of Trinity College the sum of ten thousand dollars, out of any moneys not otherwise appropriated, at six per cent interest, to be paid semi-annually, upon said Trustees giving bond and good security for the same.

SEC. 10. Be it further enacted, that all acts and laws coming within the meaning and purview of this present act, are hereby repealed.

Private Corner.

L. H. C.—Perhaps your suggestion is a good one. Would be pleased, at least, to see the specimens and will then be the better able to decide. Glad to learn your club is so well pleased.....ELNORA—"The silent voice" is a beautiful piece, full of feeling. We thank you sincerely for your kind words, and the evidence of their sincerity. Words are pleasant, are soothing; but you rightly judge, the Times cannot live on the breath of encouraging words alone. "Your paper is just what the South has needed for a long time; and I would join with the many who bid you 'God speed' in your noble enterprise. Yet I would not only breathe encouraging words, but throw in my mite towards the support of a paper which, if I mistake not, will be of great value even to future generations".....PAUL RIVINWOOD—Number four, scenes from the life of King David received. These sketches are highly prized by our readers, and we are glad to hear you say—"In good time I shall send you Scenes from from the life of Joseph."".....RECORD MEMORIES, number two, received, but a little too late for this number. The writer is advanced in years, years of labor and observation; and his "record" is filled with experiences, not of the imagination, but of realities, which will interest and benefit the thoughtful reader. They appear in numbers, but each paper is complete.....Q—Your letter for last week did not arrive in time for that issue, owing to a delay in the mail, for your time of mailing, without such a delay, will always enable us to receive, in time. Such delays however, are very seldom.....CLAUDE.—Such a long resting spell since you wrote us before. But you say you "have not forgotten the Times," "Allow me to compliment you upon its neat and beautiful appearance, and wish you the success it deserves".....—WANDERER.—Another Picture and "Woman's love" received. Will commence the Pictures soon.....MATILDA.—Your budget of poems received, and glad to have that other promise. A rich treat is in store for us and our readers, and until received, we shall be impatient .....Some other manuscripts we have not had time to read.

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.—The citizens of Williamsburgh, Va., have already subscribed $10,000 to rebuild this institution. The record books and papers of the College, and the pictures in the blue room were saved, and also the books and furniture of the Philomathean Society. Nothing was saved from the hall of the Phenix Society.

MARRIED,

Near Bruce's Cross Roads, on the 1st inst., by Rev. Wm. J. Ogburn, ANDREW GAMBLE, Esq., to Mrs. ELIZA A. BROWN.

At Church, on the 6th inst., by the same, Mr. J. C. ROBERTS to Miss CAROLINE V. DONNELL.

New Advertisements.

Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines [or 100 words] for one week $4.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR
One square,	$ 5.00	$ 8.00	$12.00
Two squares,	9.00	15.00	22.00
Three "	12.00	20.00	30.00
Half co'umn	15.00	25.00	35.00
One column	15.00	50.00	60.00

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum,.....$5.00

To Contractors.

Proposals will be received until Saturday the 19th March for the erection of barracks for the HILLSBOROUGH MILITARY ACADEMY. The building will be of brick, 214 feet long and three stories high. The plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the Architect John A. Ray, Esq., Columbia, S. C., or during the afternoon at the residence of the Superintendent af the Academy, Col. C. C. Tew, Hillsboro, to whom all communications will be addressed.

The Superintendent does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any estimate.

Hillsboro, N. C., Feb. 17th, '59. (8:3w)

STRANGER IN TOWN.—We have been gratified b a call from Frederick Ayer, Esq., the business man of the firm of J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell. A short acquaintance with the gentleman convinced us that not the Doctor's skill in compounding his medicine is alone concerned in the immense consumption of them; but that it takes business talent of no ordinary measure to pass them around the world. Mr. Ayer, manifestly, has these abilities and the success of his house shows that he uses them.—*Memphis Whig, Tennessee.*

VISITING CARDS.
R. G. STAPLES,
CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for $1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, $2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering

20.000 PRINTING CARDS,
With a variety of other Materials just received at the Times Office. All kinds of JOB WORK executed in the neatest style of the Art at the cheapest prices.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Feb. 24.
Reported expressly for the Times

Bacon 12½@13; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 15 @; Coffee 14 a16, Candles, Tallow 22 @25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 80@0 Meal 80@00; Chickens 10 @15; Eggs 6a8; Feathers 40@45; Flour 5.00@6.00 Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12½@15; Molasses 40@50; Nails 6@7; Oats 40; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 18¾, crushed 16¾, clarified 14; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00, Wool 25@30.

NORFOLK MARKET, Feb. 19th.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Family	$7.25	*Flaxseed*,...	1.35a1.40
Extra.....	6.50	*Beeswax*,.....	30
Superfine..	6a6.25	*Dried Apples*, ₩ bu. of 28lbs...	2.25
Corn, Mixed & W.	75a76	" *Peaches*, 40lbs. ₩ bu.....	5.00a5.75
Yellow.....	78a79	*Bacon*, W. sho'ld	9.00
Wheat, White	1.25	do. Sides	11
Red.....	1.20	N. C. & Va. Hog round.	11½a12
Cotton,.....	11a11½	*Staves*, R.O. hhd	31a33
Peas, Black Eye	1.35	W.O. pipe.	50
Red & Black	70a80	do hhd	40
Lard, N.C. & V. no. 1	14	do bbl.	28a30
do do 2...	13		
Fish, Mackerel 1.	12.50		
do No 2.	11.00		
do 3.	10.00		

Flour is in better demand and with reduced supplies. By the recent large sales is rather stiffer, with some holders asking an advance. Provisions are higher. Dried Apples continue to sell readily. Peaches are still dull and neglected.

Professional Cards.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR, at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.
105–tf.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.
1–1y.

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53–1y.

J. W. EVANS'
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street,
Richmond, Va.
Subscriptions received for the Times.

BOOKS! BOOKS!!
THE STOCK OF BOOKS, &c., belonging to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn & Co., are now offered **at Cost!** Merchants and others, engaged in the sale of BOOKS, will do well to call and examine for themselves, as the stock on hand must be sold for the purpose of **Closing up the Concern.**
☞ All persons indebted to the firm must call and settle. JAMES W. DOAK,
Surviving Partner.
March 22, 1858. (115–tf.

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH,
Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, near the Depot, Greensboro, N. C,
☞ Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110:1y

LAST NOTICE. Those indebted to the firm of E. W. OGBURN, CO., must settle by the 15th. of December or their accounts will be placed into the hands of an officer. JAS. W. DOAK,
136—tf. Surviving Partner.

GREAT BARGAINS!!!
AS WE ARE DETERMINED TO close our business, we offer our entire stock of Ready-Made Clothing and Furnishing Goods at astonishingly low prices. Those in want of any of the above mentioned articles will find it to their utmost interest to give us an early call. We warrant to sell *fifty per cent cheaper* than any other house in this market.
S. ARCHER & CO.
Those indebted to S. Archer, or S. Archer & Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make payment.

LOOK AT THIS.
P. L. DONNELL is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.
Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 39–1y.

D. W. ELLIOTT,
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Painter,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

GEORGE HOSLER,
THE BARBER,
From Fayetteville, N. C., having opened shop in room No. 9 in the Brittain House, will Shave, Shampoon and trim Hair on reasonable terms. He will always be found at home.
Greensboro, N. C., Feb. 15 '59. (7:4w.)

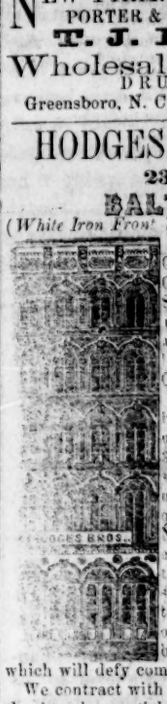
OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND *Watchmaker*, West Market, Greensboro', N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.
He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.
All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.
All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.
August, 1st, 1858. 134—tf.

Business Cards.

JAMES S. PATTERSON,
PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New York.
Country orders carefully attended to.
Feb. 1859. 6–1y

NEW FIRM.
PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to
T. J. Patrick,
Wholesale and Retail
DRUGGISTS.
Greensboro, N. C. [4—1y]

HODGES BROTHERS,
23 Hanover Street,
BALTIMORE.
(*White Iron Front Warehouse.*)



Importers of Hosiery, Gloves, Embroideries, White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Shawls, Crapes, Laces, and a numerous variety of other articles, and wholesale dealers in American Fancy Goods and Notions.
Our warehouse, which we built expressly for our own use, contains six floors, each 30 by 160 feet, and the large stock and extensive assortment which we keep, require its entire occupancy. No house in any of the Northern Cities, jobbing goods to the country, can present the same combined advantages to the country merchant, as our stock is not only large, but obtained upon conditions which will defy competition.
We contract with the Manufacturers for all the American articles we sell, and send a buyer to Europe regularly twice a year, to select our Foreign goods. We are enabled thereby to offer great advantages in prices, as well as to get up a stock at all times replete with the newest and most desirable goods.
Merchants in good credit are invited to examine our stock when they next visit Baltimore, and they will promote their own interest by doing so.
Orders by mail carefully excuted when accompanied by satisfactory references.
Feb. 1859. 6–3m

ESTABLISHED IN 1798.
A. MORRIS, *Richmond, Va.*, Publisher, and Wholesale Dealer in Books, Paper, Stationery, Piano Fortes, Melodions Music and Musical Merchandise, begs to invite the attention of country dealers, to his stock of *Books, Stationery and Pianos*, embracing the largest and most general assortment to be found in any one establishment South of New York, and will be sold upon terms as liberal and accommodating.
A. M. publishes many of the *Standard Virginia Law Books*, and can furnish the legal profession with all Standard Law Books, including the Virginia and New York State Reports, at the *Publisher's Lowest Prices*. School Teachers and the Trade supplied at a liberal discount.
Books and Music sent by mail.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention. (1:2m)

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
Comission Merchants, Norfolk, Va.
ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan.
☞ Authorized agents for the *Times*, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6:1y

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Change of Proprietors.
Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.
The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating **terms.**
His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.
The **Washington Hotel** has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the busines streets than any other in the city.
An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge
By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.
Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.
JOHN F. JONES.
January 1st.–1y.

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Offer a Stock unequaled in the United States in variety, extent and cheapness.
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TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
107tf Baltimore, Md.

Japan and its People.

A recent letter from Japan, to the Journal of Commerce, dated Oct. 7th, alludes to the state of feeling in that country toward foreigners, and the death of the Emperor. The unfortunate appearance of cholera simultaneously with the signing of the recent treaty, and the foolish pranks of some English sailors in muddying a spring, which gave rise to a report that the foreigners had poisoned the waters, had excited much feeling among the lower classes. In the upper circles, opposition to intercourse with foreigners also prevailed largely.

The writer says: The young Emperor of Japan is dead, who so recently concluded a fair, liberal, and honorable treaty with the United States; and opened his Empire to the return of Christianity, after it had been expelled above two centuries. The news came at first in so questionable a shape as to be doubted; and with attendant circumstances which added to the horror. At length official information was received by the Governor of Nanasaki, who sent word to the Commodore of the U. S. Ship Powhatan, by one of his interpreters. This was on Saturday, the 3rd inst., when Commodore Tatnall, desirous of showing all courtesy to the nation, and all honor to the deceased Emperor, at once sent his flag-lieutenant to inform him that on Monday noon, the next day being the Sabbath, on which day with us such observances were omitted, he would be happy if agreeable to his Excellency, to give the national salute of twenty-one guns. Of course on such an occasion they would be minute guns. The Minnesota, having on board Hon. Mr. Reed, our Minister to China, would do the same. The Governor replied, that he appreciated the courtesy of the Commodore, but that as it was the custom in Japan to make no noise, on such occasions, he would respectfully decline, if it would give no offence to the Commodore. Of course no demonstration was made on board our ships, not even to lowering the flag to half-mast, nor could I observe the least symptom of mourning in the streets and most frequented places in the city.—The Japanese interpreters called the disease "berry berry," describing it as taking away all feeling from the feet and hands, and incapacitating the Emperor from walking, as well as filling his stomach with water.

A Town Treasurer attempts to rob himself and Gets Killed.—The Free Press learns from a reliable source, that the Town Treasurer of Erin, Washington co., New York, was shot in his own house last Tuesday evening. It appears that he had collected most of the taxes, and had the money in the house. On Tuesday afternoon he told his wife that he was going to a disant part of the town, and would not return until the next day. That evening a pedler who is well known in the community, and who had been in the habit of stopping at the Treasurer's house whenever he came into the neighborhood, happened to stop. As usual he was invited to stay all night. About 8 o'clock the pedler retired to bed, upstairs, and, as it happened, in the room where the money was locked up.

At about 10 o'clock, the Treasurer's wife was aroused by some one knocking at the door. She got up and opened it, when three men, disguised, and their faces blacked, rushed in. They seized the woman, and threatened to shoot her if she made any noise. Two of the robbers then proceeded to the stair door, and tried to open it; but it seems that the pedler had taken the precaution to fasten it on the inside as he went to bed. They then attempted to break in the door, which resisted their efforts for some minutes. At length it gave way, and as the foremost robber sprang on the stairway, the sharp report of a revolver was heard, and the robber fell dead at the foot of the stairs, shot by the pedler who had been aroused by the noise. The other two robbers instantly fled. A light was procured, and upon examination, the dead robber was found to be the Treasurer himself.

There is quite an excitement in the neighborhood, and strong efforts are being made to discover his two accomplices.

A Telegraph Circuit from New York to Kansas.—On Saturday evening the National Telegraph line worked in an unbroken circuit from New York to Leavenworth, Kansas, and subsequently to Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. Messages were sent and received with the same promptness with which they could have been sent fifty miles. The distance by the wires to Leavenworth is nearly 2000 miles. Dispatches were also dropped at all the principal cities on the route.

A movement is on foot for the cession of a portion of West Florida to Alabama. It includes the port of Pensacola, and seems to have originated in that city, with a view to improving its prospects. The Legislature of Florida has passed a joint resolution, approved by the Governor, leaving it to the people of the State to vote upon the proposition.

Convention of Elders and Deacons of the Presbyterian Church.—A Convention of the Elders and Deacons of the Presbyterian Church of the State was held in the Presbyterian Church in Raleigh, commencing on Tuesday night the 15th inst. About sixty delegates were in attendance, embracing men of much worth and talent from different sections of the State. Rufus Barringer, Esq., Deacon, of Concord, was chosen President, and Dr. Weir of Greensborough and Mr. Baskerville, of Granville, were appointed Secretaries. A committee of six, consisting of two from each Presbytery, and headed by Judge Shepherd, was appointed to prepare business for the Convention; and on Wednesday night this committee through its Chairman made an interesting report, which, with some resolutions appended, were ably discussed and unanimously adopted.

The best spirit seemed to pervade the body during its session, and a number of questions of interest to the Church were discussed by Messrs. J. W. Osborne, Judge Shepherd, W. J. Bingham, C. H Wily, V. C. Barringer, Mr. Gibbs, Jesse H. Lindsay, Mr Faucette and others. The Convention, after a most agreeable session interspersed with devotional exercises, adjourned on Wednesday night.—*Standard.*

The Prayer Meetings.—We learn from the weekly report of the religious journals that there has been an increased attention at the daily prayer meetings in the lower part of the city; these meetings are at the old places, Fulton street, John street, Greenwich street and the Old Slip. As it regards the result we are told that there have been almost daily conversions. The Sunday evening services at the Academy of Music and at the National Theatre continued to be crowded. *N. Y. Exchange.*

Rather "Tall" Eating.—The judges and jurors who tried Cancemi must have been terribly strong eaters. It seems from a bill sent to the supervisors, on Tuesday, that they were "refreshed" to the extent of $750, at the Astor House, pending the trial. If they eat and drink at that rate, at their own expense, when transacting their private business, they must be blessed with very refreshing incomes—*N. Y. Express.*

Henry W. Miller's Lecture in Goldsboro'.—An esteemed correspondent writes that a crowded audience greeted Mr. Miller in the Baptist Church last Saturday night. One circumstance is mentioned to show the effect which was produced. After Mr. M. had closed, the audience remained in perfect stillness—none moved or seemed willing to go. Mr Strong arose and announced that they would hear no more, and thus broke the spell the orator had thrown around his hearers. The Address was marked throughout by dignity of manner, chasteness of dehvery and the highest style of eloquence.—*N. C. Presbyterian.*

1859. **For Every Body!** 1859.

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THE BEST!!

The Times;

AN ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN FAMILY PAPER;

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THE WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, awarded to C. Meyer, for his two PIANOS, London, October 15, 1851.

C. Meyer respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has constantly on hand Pianos, equal to those for which he received the Prize Medal in London, in 1851.

All orders promptly attended to and great care taken in the selection and packing the same.

He has received, during the last fifteen years, more Medals than any other maker, from the Franklin Institute—also, First Premiums in Boston, New York and Baltimore.

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CATALOGUE OF FRESH GARDEN SEEDS, for sale by PORTER & GORRELL, successors to Dr. T. J. Patrick, Greensborough, N. C.

Asparagus.—Giant; Purple Top.

Dwarf Beans.—Early China, Early White Marrow, Early Valentine, Early Yellow Six Weeks, Early Mohawk, Early Large White Kidney, Early Refugee, or 1000 to 1, Early Succotash.

Pole Beans.—Large Lima, or Butter, White Cranberry, Scieva, or Small Lima, White Dutch Runner, Red Cranberry.

Beet.—Best Early Blood Turnip, Extra Early Blood Turnip, Extra Eearly Flat Bassano, Early Scarcity, Early Yellow Turnip Beet, Long Blood Red, White Sugar, Mangel Wurtzel.

Brocoli.—Early White, Early Purple, Large Purple Cape, White Cape, or Cauliflower, Brussells Sprouts.

Cabbage.—Early York, Early Sugar Loaf, Early Flat Battersea, Large French Oxheart, Wethersfield Prem. Flat Dutch, Nonpariel, Large Flat Battersea, Large Flat Dutch, Large late American Drumhead, Large Bergen, Large English Drumhead, True Green Glazed, Fine Drumhead Savoy, Green Globe Savoy, Red Dutch, for pickling.

Cauliflower.—Early London, Large Late Asiatic, extra.

Carrot.—Long Orange, Large White Field, Blood Red, or Purple.

Celery.—Cole's Superb Dwarf, Seymour's Superb, White Solid, New Silver Giant, Large Manchester Red Solid.

Cress.—Curled, or Peppergrass, Broad Leaf Garden, Water, or Winter.

Cucumber.—Early Frame, Early Russian, *earliest known*, Early Cluster, London Long Green, for pick'g, Short Green Prickly, Extra Long Green Turkey, Gherkin, or Burr, for pickling.

Egg Plant.—Early Long Purple, White.

Indian Corn.—Early Sweet, Large Sweet, or Sugar, Evergreen Sweet, Early White Flint

Lettuce.—Early Curled Silesia, Early White Cabbage, or Butter, Fine Imperial Head, Large Green Head, Ice Head, Ice Cos, London White Cabbage,

Melon.—Pine Apple, Green Citron, Nutmeg, Large Yellow Cantalope, Large Musk.

Watermelon.—Mountain Sprout, Mountain Sweet, large and fine, Long Island, Citron, for Preserves.

Mustard.—White or English, Brown, Nasturtium.

Onion.—Extra Early Red, Wethersfield Large Red, Yellow Silver Skin, White Portugal.

Okra.—Long White, Short Green.

Parsley.—Plain, or Common, Curled, or Double, Myatt's Garnishing.

Parsnip.—Long Smooth, or Sugar, extra.

Pepper.—Long Cayenne, Large Squash, or Tomato, Large Bull Nose, or Bell, Large Sweet Mountain.

Peas.—J. R. & Co., *earliest known*, Extra Early May, very early, Early Frame, or June, 2d early, Early D'ble Blossom Frame, Eng., Large White Marrowfat, Black Eyed Marrowfat, Dwarf Sugar, Eatable Pod.

Pumpkin.—Connecticut Field, Large Cheese.

Radish.—Red Turnip Rooted, Early Short Top Long Scarlet, White Turnip Rooted, Yellow Turnip.

Rhubarb.—Early Tobolsk, Myatt's Victoria.

Salsify, or Vegetable Oyster.

Squash.—Early Yellow Bush Scollop, Early Bush Summer Crookneck, Fall, or Winter Crookneck, Lima Cocoanut, Sweet Potatoe.

Tomato.—Large Red, J. R. & Co. Extra Large Red, Round Smooth Red, Large Yellow.

Turnip.—Early Flat Dutch, or Spring, Large English Norfolk, Large White Globe, Large White Flat, Early Yellow Dutch, Early Yellow Russian, best known for winter use, Yellow Globe, sweet.

Ruta Bega.—Purple Top, Skirving's Liverpool.

Sweet Herbs &c.—Sage, Summer Savory, Sweet Majoram, Thyme, Lavender, Rosemary, Lemon Balm, Red Onion Setts, Yellow Onion Setts.

Jan. 25th., 1859. (4::2m.)

PROSPECTUS OF THE

N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION

FOR 1859.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE JOURNAL will commence with the next year, and the first number will be issued about the middle of January. It will be published monthly, and each number will contain not less than thirty-two pages of reading matter.

The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine paper and in a style fully equal to the present volume; the aim of those who have charge of it will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association and under its control. Through its pages the General Superintendent of Common Schools will communicate with the School officers and teachers of the State.

Articles are solicited from teahers and other friends of education—

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Additional copies at the same rate.

Single copy.....$2.00

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The Teacher who sends us the largest number of subscribers (not less than thirty) before the first of January, will be entitled to half a page of advertising for the year; The one sending the next largest number will be entitled to the fourth of a page: And each one sending 25 or more will be entitled to a card, not exceeding eight lines.

☞ *All communications should be addressed to* J. D. Campbell *Resident Editor, Greensboro', N. C.*

LIQUORS:—Whiskies, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by W. S. CLARK.

Greensboro, Jan. 1, 1859.

A VIRGINIA LADY is desirous of obtaining a situation in some College or High School, as principal or an assistant teacher in the Department of Music. She has had unlimited opportunities, and flatters herself that she can give entire satisfaction.

If wanted can also instruct in Wax Fruit, Grecian and Oriental Painting. Address,

Miss ALPHA BETA,
Horse Pasture, Henry Co., Va.

Feb. 1859. 6-tf.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—A Benevolent Institution, established by special endowment for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic diseases.

To all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Imporence. Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the Vice of Onanism, or self abuse, &c., &c

The Howtrd Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, several years ago directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to open a Dispensary for the treatment of this class of diseases, in all their forms, and to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty, to FURNISH MEDICINES FREE OF CHARGE. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest Medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors, on a review of the past, feel assured that their labors in this sphere of benevolent effort, have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Just Published by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the Vice of Onanism, Masturbation or a Self-Abuse, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed letter envelope,) FREE OF CHARGE, on receipt of TWO STAMPS for postage.

Address, for Report or treatment, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *Pres.*

Geo. Fairchild, *Sec.*

March, 1858. 113-1 y.

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AYER'S PILLS, glide sugar-shod over the palate, but their energy, although wrapped up, is *there*, and tells with giant force on the very foundation of disease

There are thousands of sufferers who would not wear their distempers if they knew they could be cured for 25 cts. Try Ayer's Pills, and you will know it.

Purify the blood and disease be starved out.

Cleanse the system from impurities and you are cured already.

Take this best of all Purgatives, and Scrofula, Indigestion, Weakness, Headache, Backache, Sideache, Jaundice, Rheumatism, derangements of the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, all derangements and all diseases which a purgative remedy can reach, fly before them like darkness before the Sun.

Reader, if you are suffering from any of the numerous complaints they cure—suffer no more—the remedy has been provided for you, and it is criminal to neglect it.

That *Ayer's Cherry Pectoral* is the best medicine for a Cough, is known to the whole world, and that *Ayer's Pills* are the best of all Pills, is known to those who have used them.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass. and sold by PORTER & GORRELL, Greensboro; Williams & Haywood, Faleigh; S. J. Hinsdale, Fayetteville; O. A. Bradley, Wilmington; Purcell, Land & Co., Richmond and all druggists. 7-2m

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Rev. N. McRAY, *Principal*, with efficient assistants.

The object of this Institution is to provide for the thorough education of Young Ladies, and as an additional feature, to qualify such of them as may desire it for the avocation of teaching. Its next session will open on the 1st of February, in the new Brick Building recently purchased by the undersigned. The building is situated in a beautiful grove, on a commanding eminence, and a sufficient number of well-furnished rooms to accommodate 100 boarding pupils. We have made arrangements for lectures, experiments and instruction in Natural Sciences, with L. S. Burbank, A. M., formerly associated with Prof. Wm. Russel, in the New England Normal Institute, and more recently Professor of Natural Science in a Southern College. High Point is 943 feet above the level of the sea. The experience of ages has demonstrated the wisdom of educating in elevated and healthy sections of country. The expenses are less than at any other institution of the character in the State. Board, and furnished rooms with fire places, fuel, &c., $6 per month. English Branches $6 to $15 per session. Languages and ornamentals low. Board and half the tuition required in advance. The proprietor, Teachers and Pupils dwell together, and eat at the same table.

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$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.—The QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or ravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.

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Gseensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd., 1859.

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PREPARED BY DR SANFORD,

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IS ONE OF THE BEST PURGATIVE AND LIVER MEDICINES now before the public. Operates as a *Cathartic*, easier, milder, and more effectual than any other medicine known. It is not only a *Cathartic*, but a *Liver* remedy, acting first on the *Liver* to elect its morbid matter, then on the stomach and bowels to carry off that matter, thus accomplishing two purposes effectually, without any of the painful feelings experienced in the operations of most *Cathartics*. It strengthens the system at the same time that it purges it; and when taken daily in moderate doses, will strengthen and build it up with amazing rapidity.

The **Liver** is one of the principal regulators of the human body; and when it performs its functions well, the powers of the system are fully developed. The *stomach* is almost entirely dependent on the healthy action of the *Liver* for the proper performance of its functions; when the stomach is at fault, the bowels are at fault, and the whole system suffers in consequence of one or the other, or both having ceased to do its duty. Hence all the disorders of that organ, one of the proprietors has made it his study, in a practice of more than twenty years, to find some remedy wherewith to counteract the many derangements to which it is liable.

To prove that this remedy is at last found, any person troubled with **Liver Complaint**, in any of its forms, has but to try a bottle, and conviction is certain.

These Gums remove all morbid or foul **matter** from the system, supplying in their place a healthy flow of bile, invigorating the stomach, causing food to digest well, **purifying the blood**, giving tone and health to the whole machinery, removing the cause of the disease—effecting a radical cure.

Bilious attacks are cured, and, **what is better, prevented**, by the occasional use of the **Liver Invigorator.**

Dyspepsia One dose after eating is sufficient to relieve the stomach and prevent the food from rising and coming. One dose of two teaspoonfuls will always relieve **Sick Headache.**

One bottle taken, for removes all obstruction and the disease, and makes a perfect cure. Only one dose immediately relieves **Cholic**, while One dose often repeated is a sure cure for **Cholera Morbus**, and a preventive of **Cholera.** Only one bottle is needed to throw out of the system the effects of medicine after a long sickness. One bottle taken for **Jaundice** removes all sallowness or unnatural color from the skin. One dose taken a short time before eating gives vigor to the appetite, and makes food digest well. One dose often repeated cures **Chronic Diarrhœa** in its worst forms. **Bowel** complaints yield while **Summer** and one or two doses cures at once. **Fevers** of a **Bilious** and almost to the first dose. All **Fevers** of a **Bilious** type, attacks caused by **Worms** in children; there is no surer, safer, or speedier remedy in the world, as it *never fails.* **Dropsy**, by exciting the absorbents. A few bottles cures **Ague, Chill Fever, Ious Type.** It operates mending this medicine as a we take pleasure in recommending this medicine as a preventive for **Fever and Ague** and all **Fevers** of a **Bilious** type, with certainty, and thousands are willing to testify to its wonderful virtues.

All who use it are giving their unanimous testimony in its favor.

☞ **Mix Water in the mouth with the Invigorator, and swallow both together.**

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115:1y T. J. PATRICK, Greensboro.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.

And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

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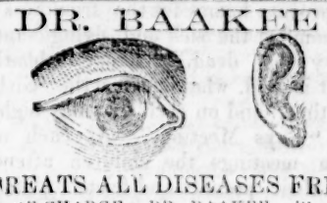
DR. BAAKEE



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DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife. DR. BAAKEE can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success of curing Cancer, Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. Special arrangements must be made with Dr. BAAKEE for the last named diseases, as they will require his constant advice and attention. DR. BAAKEE is one of the most skilful and celebrated Physicians and Surgeons now living. His fame is known personally in every principal city of the World. All letters directed to DR. BAAKEE, (inclosing ten cents,) from any distance, correctly stating the nature of the disease, shall be promptly answered, and the patients treated by correspondence FREE OF CHARGE.

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October 25, '58. COLE & AMIS.

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Read Prospectus of Journal Education

Children's Department.

EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY."

Dear Children:—During my visit North, I had the pleasure of talking several times, to the Children of the far famed Lee Avenue Sunday School, in Brooklyn N. Y. To show you what may be done when there is a WILL to do good, I will give you a short extract, from the last Annual Report of the School (July 1858) which was placed in my hands by the kind Superintendent.—

"The School has been in existence five years. It was commenced with three Teachers and eight Scholars.—At the end of the second year, it numbered twenty Teachers and one hundred Scholars. We now have on our Register one thousand, five hundred Scholars, and one hundred and fifty Teachers. Our actual sabbath attendance is one thousand."

When I visited the school, in Oct. last, I was informed that the number had increased to *sixteen hundred!* Now when I tell you this school was started in one of the most destitute portions of the City, and that many of the pupils who attend, come a distance of two or three miles, you may wonder how it was possible to gather so many children into this sabbath Home in so short a time. Well I will tell you the whole secret in three short words—LOVE—PRAYER—WORK: *love* for immortal souls, the *prayer* of faith for God's blessing, and *work*, yes devoted persevering labor at the hands of all connected with the school. The Pastor prays and works—the Superintendent prays and works—the Children, many of them, pray, and all of them work, to keep up the sunday school; in short they all have the WILL, and God provides the WAY.

They have a Benevolent Society, in connection with the School whose object is, to "scatter the printed page"—"procure homes for the friendless"—"comfort the sick and dying" and "bury the dead." Every sabbath night is held, what is called the "Girls Meeting," and on each thursday night the "Boys Meeting." At each of these meetings the children attend with their parents and friends to sing and pray, and listen to interesting addresses from speakers provided by the superintendent. They also have a Temperance Society in the school called the "Band of Hope," which now numbers six hundred, who have pledged themselves to abstain forever from all that can intoxicate. In addition to all this, the "Benevolent Society" publishes a neat periodical entitled "Our Monthly Casket of Sabbath School Gems" which has a large circulation.

Time would fail me to tell you all the facts of interest, about this happy Sabbath Home, but I think I have told you enough to satisfy you that "where there's a WILL, there's a WAY," to do good.

To show you that I was right when I said they all work for the sunday school I will relate two pleasing incidents about a little boy and girl.

One day the little boy, whom I shall call Johnny succeeded in coaxing some other boys whom he met in the street, to go with him to sunday school but on arriving at the door, one of the number—a little jacketless fellow—refused to go in, but would not tell why he would not enter the door. In a moment little Johnny guessed the reason of his refusal, and quick as thought, off came his own jacket, which he put on the other boy—'there,' said he,'*now come in, wont you?*' and sure enough, in he went, to the great delight of the brave little sunday school worker.—Ah, my little friends, when a boy is willing to *pull off his jacket* to work for the sunday school, he is bound to succeed. Such a boy as that, will never be found in "Capt CANT'S company."

Now to show you how the little girls in that School, love it and work for it too, I will give you a beautiful and touching story, written by one of the teachers for the "Casket," entitled:

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY; *or, what a child can do.*

Going one day to visit some of my scholars, I met upon the way a little girl, whom we will call Mary. She was a poor child, her clothes, though very clean, were neither fine nor fashionable, and her little feet were almost bare, but within that bosom beat a heart more noble than many which are covered by costly silks or satins; a heart glowing with love and desire to do something for the Savior, who had done so much for her. She had been for some time a member of our school, and one of the most regular in attendance. As I approached, she exclaimed with sparkling eyes, "Oh! I am so glad to see you, for I want you to come and see my mother; it is not far from here, only a short walk—won't you *please* come?"

It was impossible to resist that earnest appeal, and in a few moments we were at her home. The mother welcomed us with joy, and in the course of conversation, which had turned upon the Sabbath School, she related the following incident:

"A few weeks since, Mary, who had always been anxious to have me attend the evening meetings at Lee Avenue, came home one day, and after again urging me to go, said:

"'Now, mother, I will stay home to night, and mind the baby, while you go to the prayer-meeting.'

"'But, my child, what should I do at the meeting? It has been so many years since I went to one, that I should not know how to behave.'

"'O! yes mother, you would, only just sit still and listen, while they tell about the little children who have been good and gone before us to the Happy Land, singing as they went, and best of all, about the blessed Jesus, who always loves us, and wants us to live so that we can go there too, when we die.'

"'But Mary, I have nothing but a hood to wear on my head, and my shawl is all torn and faded, so I am not fit to go any way.'

"'Oh! mother do please go, you can wear the cape which I got at the school last winter, and besides I don't believe the people ever see what others have on, for they all seem to think of something else. Now do go, just once, dear mother.'

"So, to please Mary, I went. It had been a long time since I was in a church before, and I felt so strange that I got into a corner near the door, and thought every one must be looking at me; but after the meeting was opened, I forgot all about it, and when they began to tell how the dear Jesus always loves us, even when we do forget and sin against him for a long time, I thought that was meant just for me, and I could not help crying.—But when the children began to sing, I thought I was in heaven. There was one hymn which I remember, it was:

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there, too;
I want to go where Jesus is, I want to go there, too.

It seemed to me just like the angels' music, and all the way home I kept thinking of it, and wondering if I could ever go there, too. I was glad Mary had pursuaded me to attend the meeting; but oh! I am so wicked, that I am afraid I shall never get to heaven."

For a long time we sat and conversed upon the infinite love of Jesus; of his willingness to receive even the vilest, who would come and believe on him, and when I left, she was indulging a faint hope of pardon through his precious blood.

As I pursued my walk, I could not help thinking of the wonderful grace of God, in using such feeble instruments to accomplish such great results; that a little child's efforts to do good had resulted in the conviction of her beloved mother, and I thought surely, she has her reward.

Shortly after they left the city, and I had no further opportunity of visiting them. Mary still lives more busy than ever, I hope, in the good cause; but her mother's work on earth is done, her sorrows are ended, and I doubt not she is now one of that bright throng in the Happy Land, tuning her voice to sublimer strains than she has listened to on earth. For Christ has said, "Whosoever cometh to me, I will in no wise cast off" and we know He is faithful, who promised.

Will not each reader following the example recorded in this simple story, strive to do something for the honor of Christ! You may not be able to do much, nor to accomplish in the eyes of the world great things, yet He who seeth not as men seeth, will richly and abundantly reward the feeblest efforts of a loving heart and hath given us the comforting assurance, that if there be a willing mind, it is accepted according to what a man hath and not according to what he hath not.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

Puzzle.

A correspondent writes from Texas, solving the puzzle of Marcus, requiring 17 trees to be planted in sixteen rows, three trees in each row. And proposes to Marcus to solve the following:

Required to plant 19 trees in 9 straight rows with 5 trees in each row.

(Our correspondent neglected our regular rule, requiring solutions with all puzzles &c.)

"John," said a father to his son one day, when he caught him shaving the "down," off his upper lip, "don't throw your shaving water out where there are any barefooted boys, for they might get their feet pricked."

A modest young lady, just graduated from a certain academy, remarked, the other day: "I cannot deceive how the young gentlemen can drink to such a recess, when they know it is so conjuriuos to their Institution."

An inn-keeper, observing a postillion with only one spur, inquired the reason. "Why, what would be the use of another?" said the postillion: "if one side of the horse goes, the other can't lag behind."

A WESTERN BAGGAGE SCENE.—On the arrival of one of the up-river boats the other day, the landing was, as usual, crowded with cabmen, porters, loafers, &c.—When the passengers commenced landing, a colored porter stepped up to a country chap, saying:

'Carry your baggage, sir?'

'No, I rather guess not,' was the reply.

'Shan't carry your baggage?'

'No! I ain't got any baggage.'

The porter looked at him for a minute, then very coolly stooped down, and taking hold of his foot, said with an air of astonishment, 'Why, massa, that's one of your feet, ain't it? Hang me if I didn't think it was a *leather trunk*,'

"Are you a skilful mechanic?" "Yes, sir." "What can you make?" "Oh, almost anything in my line." "Can you make a devil?" "Certainly, just put up your foot and I will split it in three seconds. I never saw a chap in my life that required less alteration.

'My hair is eighteen years older than my whiskers,' said a lawyer, 'and I cannot understand why my whiskers should turn grey first.' 'Because you have worked so much more with your jaws than with your brains.'

To learn human nature, get married to a spunky girl—move into a house with another family, and slap one of the young 'uns, and it will not take many minutes to learn it to perfection.

There are more lies told in that brief sentence, 'glad to see you,' than in any other in the English language.

"Jeff, why am you like de cedar?" "I guv's it up, Sam; I can't tell you."—"Case you stays green both summer and winter."

A crust of bread, a pitcher of water, a thatched roof, and love—there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests on a potato-patch or on a flower garden. Heart makes home precious, and it is the only thing can.

In a class in college, there was a member noted for his waggery. One day the Professor of Logic was endeavoring to substantiate that a thing remains the same, notwithstanding a substitution in some of its parts. Our wag, who had been exercising the Yankee art of whittling, at length held up his jack-knife, inquiring:

"Suppose I should lose the blade of my knife, and should get another inserted instead—would it be the same knife as it was before?"

"To be sure," replied the Professor.

"Well, then," the wag continued, "suppose I should then lose the handle and get another, would it be the same still?"

"Of course," replied the Professor.

"But if somebody should find the old blade and the old handle, and should put them together, what knife would that be?"

We never heard the Professor's reply.

"I know," said a Tipsey, "water is a fine thing, but it is so dreadful thin."

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

LOW-HEADED FRUIT TREES.—By having low headed fruit trees, the sun, which is, perhaps, in our hot and dry summers, the cause of more disease and distruction in fruit trees than all other diseases together, is kept from almost scalding the sap, as it does in long, naked trunks and limbs. The limbs and leaves of a tree should always effectually shade the trunk and keep it cool. The leaves, only, should have plenty of sun and light—they can bear and profit by it. If trees were suffered to branch out low, say within one or two feet of the ground, we should hear very much less of "fire blight," "frozen sap-blight," black spots, and the like. The ground is always looser, moister, and cooler under a low-branching tree, than under a high one. Grass and weeds do not grow a hundredth part so rank and readily, and mulching becomes unnecessary. The wind has not half the power to rack, and twist, and break the tree, and shake off the fruit—a matter of no inconsiderable consequence. The trees will be much longer lived and more prolific, beautiful, and profitable. The trees are more easily rid of destructive insects, the fruit is much less damaged by falling, and the facilities for gathering it are much greater; there is less danger in climbing, and less of breaking limbs. The trees require less pruning, and scraping, and washing; the roots are protected from the plough, which is too often made to tear and mutilate them.

SCARLET FEVER AND MEASLES.—Of all diseases to which children are specially liable, our observation is that scarlatina is the most contagious, painful, and fatal. If therefore, the following item of information be worthy of confidence, it will prove to be an incalculable blessing to both parents and children.

"Mr. Witt, member of the Royal College of Surgeons has published a pamphlet in which he states that bicarbonate of ammonia is a specific for the cure of scarlet fever and measles. He cites Dr. Peart, of Liverpool, and other practitioners who have never lost a case out of hundreds since adopting this remedy. Two drachms of the bicarbonate of ammonia are dissolved in five ounces of water and two tablespoonfuls of the solution given every two, three, or four hours, according to the urgency of the symptoms. No acid drink must be taken, but only water, or toast water. The system is to be moved by a dose of calomel, if necessary. The room must be well ventilated, but the patient protected from the slightest cold or draft. Gargles should also be employed for clearing the throat. The ammonia seems to counteract the poison which causes scarlatina, and also acts on the system by diminishing the frequency, and at the same time increasing the strength of the pulse. As so many children die from these diseases in this country, this remedy ought to receive a fair trial."

FELONS.—Having once seen a friend suffering with a felon upon the tip of a finger, we make it a rule to preserve every proposed remedy for that dreadful complaint which falls under our notice.—That one case was enough: we hope never to see another, for it seemed as if all the patient's capacity to suffer were centred in the tip of that finger. The Scientific American, good authority upon almost every subject' gives the following directions:

"Boil up in any iron vessel of sufficient capacity (6 quarts) enough yellow dock-root to make a strong liquor. When sufficiently boiled, and while the liquor is as hot as can be borne, insert the hand; cover the kettle with a flannel cloth, to keep in the heat and steam and in five minutes the pain will cease. If it should return after a time, heat up the same liquor, and do as before. In a cure performed in this way, the joints of the fingers will always be preserved. The receipt has been abundantly verified."

WOUND FROM RUSTY NAIL.—Most persons are aware that a wound produced by a rusty nail is a very dangerous thing, being always likely to produce lock-jaw. It is important, therefore, that all simple and convenient remedies for such a wound should be known. A Philadelphia paper published the case of a young lady who, while on a visit to the country, wounded her foot by stepping on a rusty nail. She was very soon threatened with lock-jaw, and would probably have died had not a friend happened in who recommended the application of a poultice made of beets, fresh from the garden, pounded fine. The application was renewed as often as the virtue of the poultice seemed to be exhausted. Almost instant relief and a speedy cure ensued.

"I saw you at church this morning, listening very attentively to the discourse, how comes it that I now see you here drinking?" 'I always thirst *after* righteousness.'

Business Cards.

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C.
With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of **DRY GOODS**, 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay Street,
Wm. Graydon, James Graydon, } **NEW-YORK,** { Geo. H. Seeley, Wm. A. Scott.
Nov., '58. 2—1y.

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Keeps the largest and best assorted stocks of long and short reel carpet, chain and cotton yarns, batting, wadding, twines, coverlet yarn, bed cords, wash lines, rope in coils, mould, lamp, candle, camphine, lard and fluid wicks in the city. Also a great variety of fly nets which he offers at Manufacturers lowest cash prices.
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☞ The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and the vicinity, that he will promptly and punctually attend to the binding of *Newspapers, Magazines* and *Periodicals* of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms.
Address J. J. CHAPLIN,
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DICKENSON & COLE,
Commission & Forwarding Merchants,
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Tobacco, Wheat, Corn, and other Produce.
JOHN DICKENSON, of Petersburg. } { ISAAC N. COLE, of Halifax.
January 1, 1859. (6m.)

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All kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry *carefully repaired at the shortest notice*, and on the most reasonable terms.

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